

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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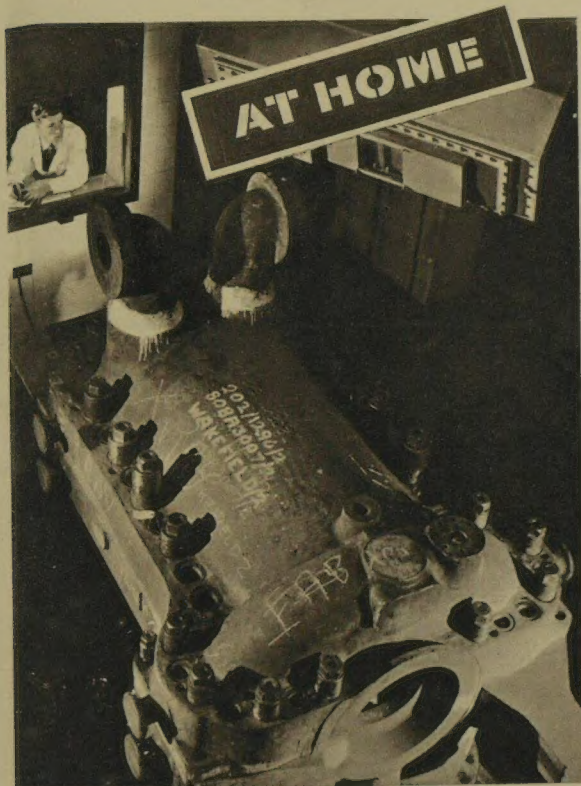
# A TWOFOLD JOB



English Electric, by virtue of the experience gained in building locomotives for overseas, is well equipped to meet any demands made on it under the British Railways Modernization Plan. Already some hundreds of electric and diesel-electric locomotives built or powered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC are busy on Britain's railways.

## How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

Railways in 30 countries have been supplied with ENGLISH ELECTRIC equipment, including diesel-electric and electric locomotives of many types, and equipment for complete railway electrification. The 1,500-h.p. diesel-electric locomotive shown hauling the "Westlander" is one of ten recently supplied to Queensland Government Railways.



**Power for production.** More and more generating stations are required as Britain's industries use more power. Already power output is 95% greater than in 1948, and today's total generating capacity should be nearly doubled again in the next ten years. ENGLISH ELECTRIC is helping to equip many of the new power stations. The picture shows X-ray tests in progress on the high-pressure nosing for one of four ENGLISH ELECTRIC 60,000-kW steam turbines for the C.E.A.'s Wakefield Power Station.

BRITAIN IS BUSY NOW, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals... this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators, transformers, switchgear and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries use this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

### To young men and their parents

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department F.4.



Throughout the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is helping to raise the standard of living in the most practical way—by developing resources of electric power, and improving the means of its distribution and utilization. At the same time its flourishing export trade is earning hard and soft currency for Britain. This ENGLISH ELECTRIC 36-MVA generator transformer is shown being unloaded at Cape Town Docks, on its way to the Salt River 'B' Power Station in the Union of South Africa.

# ENGLISH ELECTRIC

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Partners in progress with NAPIER, MARCONI'S, VULCAN FOUNDRY and ROBERT STEPHENSON & HAWTHORNS in The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Group



# A foothold of films

THE NEW Rank Organisation film, "Reach for the Sky", is the story of a man's life. The story of Douglas Bader, who fought back against seemingly hopeless odds and won. In a wider sense, it is the story of a nation. "Reach for the Sky" portrays, with accuracy and delicate judgement, the British reaction to fear, British sense of humour, British phlegm. It *had* to be made by a truly British film company.

We, of the Rank Organisation, are particularly happy that this great British film will be exported to nearly a hundred overseas countries. Happy because "Reach for the Sky" will remind the world of the characteristic qualities of the British nation. Happy because foreign currency earned by this film will help in the common endeavour to achieve a balance of payments.

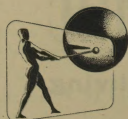
Lastly, we are pleased because this film — one of 20 first feature films being produced at Pinewood this year at a cost of £3½ million — will help in our fight for a fair share of the world screen time. Already we have secured a firm foothold in the markets previously completely dominated by our American friends. Even so, over 70% of all films seen in the world are still made in Hollywood.

The policy of the Rank Organisation is to

go overseas and fight for the screening, not only of Rank films, but of all British films. In Canada, we have built up since the war a ten million dollar circuit of 125 cinemas. In Europe and the Commonwealth we have a financial interest in 500 cinemas. Currently we are prising open the door to the rich South American market.

This then is our foothold. But the programme of British films we plan to show to the world can only be carried out if conditions at home are more favourable to the British film industry than they are today. It takes nearly two years to make a good film. Two costly years of planning, endeavour and continuous investment. This is only possible if Government policy offers the chance of long term financial stability. It is our hope that this will soon be so.

KENNETH MORE STARRING IN  
"REACH FOR THE SKY"



THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED





## The Man who never Grew Up

Sure enough there goes Peter to sail his yacht in the lake in the park. Every second is precious. There's a breeze around the corner that must not be lost. A breeze as important to Peter as a following Trade Wind. A breeze to thrill ageing eyes with white-billowing sails. A breeze to carry his craft over dreams and oceans, as he stands there watching — a man among boys, a boy among men. Freedom, security, peace, and for his old age, happiness — these are his right by birth. It is the aim of the Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies to see that his country has the armed strength to let him enjoy them.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1956.



THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN AT ETON: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO LUPTON'S TOWER.



ADMIRING THE NEW SWIMMING-POOL DURING HER VISIT TO ETON: HER MAJESTY WALKING WITH THE HEADMASTER, MR. R. BIRLEY.  
THE QUEEN AT ETON COLLEGE: A SUNDAY VISIT DURING WHICH HER MAJESTY ATTENDED MORNING SERVICE IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, AND SAW THE HENRY MARTEN LIBRARY.

On Sunday, July 22, her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh attended morning service in Eton College Chapel, and visited other parts of the school. They were received at the Chapel by the Provost, Mr. C. A. Elliott. After the service, which was taken by the Conduct, the Rev. B. W. Greenup, the Royal visitors passed between the ranks of the 1100 boys formed up in School

Yard. Several boys were presented to her Majesty. She then visited the Henry Marten Library, which had been bequeathed by the late Provost of Eton for the use of History specialists. The late Sir Henry Marten was at one time her Majesty's tutor in constitutional history. The Queen and the Duke ended their visit by inspecting the new swimming-pool, which had been opened on June 4.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMEBODY—it was possibly my famous predecessor on this page—once pointed out the paradox that the House of Lords is a more representative body than the House of Commons. Those elected to sit in the latter tend inevitably to be men and women of a particular type: the type that is prepared and able to stand up to the racket of perpetual publicity and face the attendance, fierce competition and killing boredom of public and committee life. Very few of us are, even those of us with political aspirations. Those who represent us in Parliament may represent our interests or opinions, but they scarcely represent us in character and temperament; in this last they represent a minority of the nation and a very small one. Whatever their party affiliations, they are all exceptional men and women—which, when one considers it, seems rather an undemocratic thing to be in these egalitarian days! Just as—if Mr. Gaitskell's paradise of universal justice is ever to be realised—every pretty woman will have to have her face remodelled by State plastic surgeons, so Members of Parliament will have to have their surplus energies scaled down by a special equalising diet of anti-vitamin pills. For the more the Welfare State equalises everyone's spending capacity, the more important will it become, if real equality is to be achieved, to equalise everyone's other capacities. And, as this cannot be done by levelling up, it will have, as with all egalitarian objectives, to be done by levelling down.

But the bulk of the House of Lords—the bulk that seldom or ever attends it—will need no such attention. For most of its backwoods members are very ordinary men, like the rest of us, and are in this sense truly representative. Very few of them would stand a chance of being able to win a parliamentary election or of being able to stand the life of the polls and the House of Commons. They represent the common man because they are common men themselves. In the past it was arguable that, though this was true as far as personal character and intellect were concerned, peers were so peculiarly circumstanced by fortune that they represented no one but their own privileged class. They lived a life of splendour and luxury apart, far removed from the everyday lot of humanity. But this is scarcely true any more. Few peers live a life of splendour and luxury; I doubt if there is as much as one footman or kitchen-maid to-day for every hundred of the coroneted species! If statistics could be compiled, it would probably be found that two out of every three peeresses at this very moment are bending over the scullery-sink, while their husbands are engaged, in office or field, in trying to earn a living. There may still be a substantial number of hereditary peers whose lot is cast above the broad egalitarian plateau of mid-twentieth-century Britain, but they are fast becoming fewer and fewer. Within another generation we shall probably see dukes delivering the morning letters or driving omnibuses. I myself have heard a duchess complaining of her inability to sell her old clothes. For though, in destroying the older forms of wealth and power, our egalitarians appear, however inadvertently—at least judging by the massed limousines and luxury cars in the London streets—to have created new forms of privilege, wealth and inequality, it is clear that, as a class, the possessors of hereditary titles have, in modern parlance, “had it.” Their homes have been sold or turned into peep-shows for the multitude, their estates have been broken up, their power transferred to tenant-farmers and rural district councillors and Agricultural Executive officials. They possess scarcely more privilege than Mrs. Mop, the much sought-after char, or the lordly Teddy Boys in the streets. The words of the old music-hall song of seventy years ago no longer seems funny:

Now all you young dukes and young duchesses,  
Take heed to the words that I say.  
Be certain all 's yours that you touches is  
Or you 'll find yourselves in Botany Bay!

For they are now true. Civil servants and big business executives and trades union officials may be able to get away with it, but hereditary peers cannot. They are in the column with the rest of us.

Yet if the older part of the House of Lords—the part that lives in the backwoods and seldom, if ever, attends the Chamber—is representative in a way that the Commons is not, of the ordinary everyday people of Britain, the other and smaller part of the Lords, consisting of new creations conferred on present holders, is distinguished in the extreme. Distinguished from the rest of us, that is, by eminent talents and great achievements. At no period in our history can the House of Lords have been recruited so exclusively from talent, and talent alone, as it has been in the past two decades. There are, in fact, two Houses of Lords, though the distinction between them, as in all things English, is a little blurred. There is the House of what an American would call Dudes, and there is the House of what an American would call Eggheads. And as the latter is in permanent session and the former is not, the House frequently reveals itself as the most informed, intelligent and interesting debating chamber in the world. Its continued existence may seem an affront to equality but it is certainly not an affront

### “THE NIGHT WATCH” COMES TO LIFE.



REMBRANDT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS: PARTICIPANTS IN THE EXACT REPRODUCTION OF REMBRANDT'S GREAT MASTERPIECE, “THE NIGHT WATCH,” WALK IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMSTERDAM ON JULY 14. REMBRANDT WAS BORN AT LEYDEN ON JULY 15, 1606.

As part of the celebrations of the 350th anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt, his famous painting, “The Night Watch,” was exactly reproduced by a group of living persons, dressed in the costumes of the period, outside the seventeenth-century former town hall of Amsterdam. This masterpiece, painted by Rembrandt in 1642, is now in the collection of the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. Later in the evening the participants in the tableau walked in torchlight procession through the streets of Amsterdam.

to intellect. When some great issue is before it, like Mr. Silverman's Death Penalty (Abolition) Bill, it can become a public forum of a highly impressive kind. Its debate on that Bill on July 10 was truly remarkable. Reading the speeches representing every point of view, one could not help being struck by the quality of thought and argument displayed. One was listening, as it were, to men accustomed to applying first principles to questions of the hour, whereas normally the latter are only dealt with on grounds of expediency or emotion.

There seem to me to be two clear-cut issues in this great question. One is whether the taking of human life by the State is permissible under any circumstances, even though the doing so may save the lives of others and even though the being whose life is condemned is so savage or degraded a criminal that society has no place for him. This is a perfectly logical attitude and I can understand a man holding it, but only if he applies the same argument to war and the State's sacrifice of human life in its own defence. For if it is wrong for the State, in order to protect the lives of its members, to take the life of a murderer, it must be equally or still more wrong for it to ask the sacrifice of its noblest and best for the same reason in battle. To anyone to whom the sanctity of human life in its literal sense transcends all other considerations the death sentence passed by man on even the meanest of mortal creatures must seem a shocking and terrible thing. But by the same token the man or woman who feels in this way ought to show the same determination to prevent, and at all costs, the shocking slaughter on the highways which accounts for nearly a thousand times as many lives annually in this country as the hangman's noose. If it is not right to take human life to deter men from murder—assuming, that is, that hanging does deter men from murder—it cannot be right to allow, as the State does, the anarchy of fast motoring on our highways that results in the death, as well as maiming, of so many thousands of innocent men, women and children.

The other issue is, does hanging deter men from murder and, if it does, does the law of murder in its present form and the procedure adopted to carry it out serve this purpose with the minimum of suffering necessary to achieve the great end of guarding human life and preventing private violence? I felt that the Lords in their debate addressed themselves to both these fundamental issues. Whether the decision they reached was right or wrong—and the final word on the matter has still to be spoken—the way that they debated it reflected high credit on our parliamentary system and on the calibre of our public men.



# SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND H.M. THE QUEEN, AND SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, AT ASCOT.



AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT MARCHING PAST THE QUEEN, WHO IS STANDING ON A DAIS (LEFT, CENTRE).

On July 21 the Queen presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment on the lawn in front of the east terrace of Windsor Castle. The new Colours were consecrated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon Victor Pike. The Queen took the salute at the march-past.



PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT: THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.



IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: GUESTS AT THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY, ON JULY 19, RUNNING FOR SHELTER DURING A THUNDERSTORM. A heavy thunderstorm in London on July 19 compelled many of the 8,500 guests at the garden party at Buckingham Palace to unfurl their umbrellas and run for shelter from the pouring rain. Some of the less fortunate guests were drenched. Although the weather cleared later, heavy rain fell again.



IN THE WINNER'S ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT: THE QUEEN, WITH CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD, LOOKING AT *DOUTELLE*, WHICH WON THE GRANVILLE STAKES FOR HER MAJESTY. The Queen was at Ascot on July 20 when her two-year-old colt *Doutelle*, an outsider, won the Granville Stakes by three lengths from *Timbo*. The Queen had four runners in the afternoon's races, in the first race her *Spanish Court*, a filly, finished second to *Traitress*.



AT ASCOT ON JULY 21: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL PATTING HIS TWO-YEAR-OLD *COLLUSION* AFTER IT HAD WON THE ROSSLYN STAKES. *COLLUSION* IS BY *COLONIST II*, WHO WON SO MANY RACES FOR SIR WINSTON AT THE TIME HE WAS PRIME MINISTER.



## IN A NEW CHAPEL AT CHICHESTER: A MODEL OF THE FIRST SUSSEX.



WITH THE COMMONWEALTH JACK AT THE BOWS: THE MODEL OF H.M.S. SUSSEX, WHICH HAS A WHITE UNDER-WATER BODY WITH VARNISHED TOPSIDES.



SHOWING SOME OF THE "GINGERBREAD" WORK: THE STERN OF THE MODEL OF THE FIRST H.M.S. SUSSEX, ON WHICH THE COMMONWEALTH ARMS APPEAR.

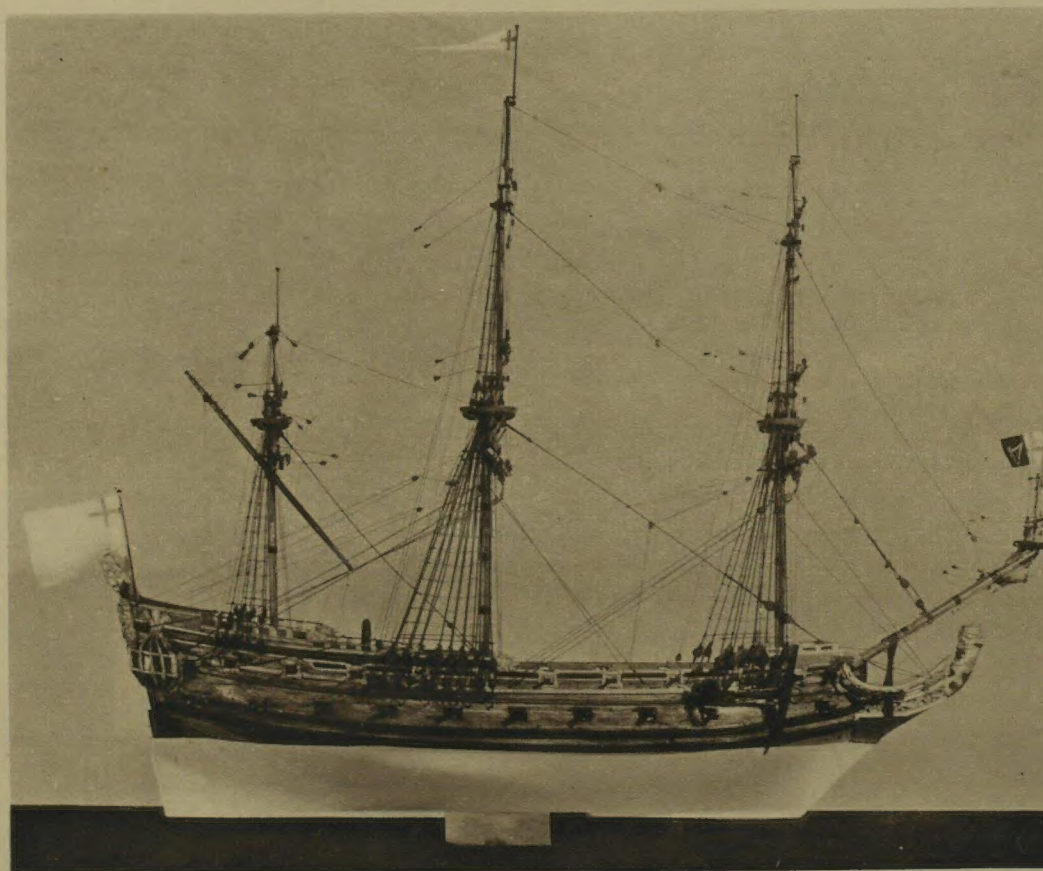
ON July 30 H.M. the Queen has arranged to make an official visit to the city of Chichester. During this visit she is to be present at the dedication of a chapel in Chichester Cathedral which has been set aside for a new purpose. The chapel of St. Michael, just within the West Door, has been newly furnished to commemorate the men of Sussex who served in the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy during World War II and lost their lives at sea and have no known grave. The furnishings for the altar have been designed by Mr. John Skelton, the Sussex sculptor and artist, in collaboration with Mr. Harry Sherwood, of Chichester. Three naval monuments have been moved from other parts of the Cathedral and installed in the chapel. From the arch leading into the nave hangs a model of the first H.M.S. *Sussex*, which was made specially for the chapel by Mr. Julian B. Glossop, the well-known model-maker. Mr. Glossop drew on contemporary drawings and records of similar ships, as very little is known about the first *Sussex*, which was of 610 tons with 46 guns. The model wears the Commonwealth Jack at the bows, and the ensign and pendant (on the mainmast) of the squadron of an Admiral of the White. The running rigging has been simplified, as



IN THE NEWLY-FURNISHED SAILORS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE MODEL OF H.M.S. SUSSEX SUSPENDED FROM THE ARCH LEADING TO THE NAVE.



NOW BROKEN UP: THE LAST H.M.S. SUSSEX, A LONDON-CLASS CRUISER, WHOSE SHIP'S BELL NOW HANGS IN THE SAILORS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



CONSTRUCTED BY MR. JULIAN B. GLOSSOP: A MODEL OF THE FIRST H.M.S. SUSSEX, WHICH WAS BUILT AT DEPTFORD IN 1652 AND BLEW UP AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1653.

the model, which is 3 ft. 6 ins. long, is suspended without protection from dust. Ships of the Commonwealth are generally believed to have been less ornate than their predecessors, but the regulations regarding this were not rigidly observed and, therefore, the model is shown with a certain amount of "gingerbread" work at the bows and stern. Mr. Glossop took two months to construct the model and found the authorities at the National Maritime Museum most helpful in providing information and advice concerning ships of the period. Many people have kindly sent contributions towards the cost of the Sailors' Chapel, but funds are still required.



## SAXON ST. BRIDE'S; BOW'S NEW BELLS; AND AN ANCIENT CLOCK.



BENEATH ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH IN FLEET STREET: THE CRYPT OF THE OLD SAXON CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE'S.

A recent wedding in the crypt of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London, was the first ceremony to be held there for hundreds of years. The crypt of the Saxon church was discovered in 1952, during excavations before the rebuilding of Wren's church was started.



NOW SIMPLY FURNISHED AND LIGHTED: THE ANCIENT CRYPT BENEATH ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, WHICH WAS DISCOVERED IN 1952.



(Left.)  
RINGING BOW BELLS: SIR CUTHBERT ACKROYD, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, RINGING AUGUSTINE, ONE OF THE NEW BELLS BEING CAST FOR ST. MARY-LE-BOW, CHEAPSIDE.

(Right.)  
CASTING THE "BIG BELL OF BOW": THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON HELPING WITH THE CASTING OF THE GREAT TENOR BELL OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, was present at the ceremony of casting and naming the "Big Bell of Bow," the great tenor bell of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Whitechapel Bell Foundry on July 20. This bell is the direct descendant of the old Curfew Bell, which was London's first time-signal.



STARTING THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY (RIGHT) WATCHES THE RECENTLY REPAIRED CLOCK BEING STARTED. IT HAD BEEN SILENT FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

After a silence of seventy years the ancient clock of Salisbury Cathedral, built in 1386 and said to be the oldest mechanical clock in the world, has been repaired by the Friends of the Cathedral. On July 18 the Bishop of Salisbury attended a ceremony at which the clock was set going.



CONNECTED TO THE NEWLY REPAIRED FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: THE "BISHOP'S" BELL, WHICH WILL BE USED TO STRIKE THE HOURS ONLY ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



## SUCCESSFUL IN GOLD COAST ELECTIONS: MR. NKUMAH.

On July 18 Mr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, swept back into power when the Convention People's Party, under his leadership, won 71 seats—the same as their total in 1954—out of a total of 104, giving the party a majority of 38. The Ministers of Health and of Agriculture lost their seats, but eleven other ministerial seats were retained.



## POLITICAL CONTROVERSY IN EAST NIGERIA: DR. AZIKIWE.

On July 16 Dr. Azikiwe, Premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, who is involved in a crisis over an Opposition demand for an inquiry into the affairs of the African Continental Bank, threatened to resign as a protest against interference from the British Governor and the Colonial Secretary. Dr. Azikiwe was later urged by his own party to remain in office.



## NEW HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST LEADER: MR. GERO.

On July 18 Mr. Gero took over the post of First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party from Mr. Rakosi, who, as recorded elsewhere on this page, had resigned earlier on the same day. The change in the Party leadership was greeted by a chorus of enthusiastic welcome from the official Party Press and radio. Mr. Gero was formerly the first deputy Prime Minister.

## RESIGNATION OF HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST LEADER: MR. RAKOSI.

On July 18 Mr. Rakosi, First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, announced his resignation in a letter to the Party central committee. Reasons given were his age, his ailments, and mistakes against the "laws of Socialism," the gravity of which he had come to realise since the twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party earlier this year.



## NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A.: SIR HAROLD CACCIA.

On July 19 it was announced that Sir Harold Caccia would succeed Sir Roger Makins as Ambassador in Washington. Sir Harold has worked closely with the Prime Minister on many occasions, and was present at the talks in Washington with President Eisenhower earlier this year. At present he is Deputy Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office.



## WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY FOR THE SECOND TIME: MAJOR G. E. TWINE, WHO ALSO WON IN 1954.

On July 21 Major G. E. Twine, who served in the Royal Artillery during the war, repeated his success of 1954 in winning the Queen's Prize of £250 and the National Rifle Association Gold Medal at Bisley. He won with a score of 283, the runner-up, Lieutenant Warner, Canadian Army Militia, Quebec, scoring 282.



## IN A NEW POST AT THE TREASURY: SIR ROGER MAKINS.

It was announced on July 19 that the function of the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury and official head of the Civil Service are now to be divided between two Joint Permanent Secretaries to the Treasury, and one of these is to be Sir Roger Makins, at present Ambassador to the U.S.A., who will take up his new post in the autumn.



**NEW SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY AND CABINET: SIR NORMAN BROOK.** Sir Norman Brook has been appointed Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury and will take over the responsibilities of this newly-created post on the retirement of Sir Edward Bridges and Sir Bernard Gilbert in the autumn. The appointment is part of the rearrangement of senior official positions announced on July 19. He will continue as Secretary of the Cabinet.



## A STAR OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR: MISS VIOLET LORRAINE.

On July 18 Miss Violet Lorraine, the well-known musical comedy star of the First World War, died in hospital at Newcastle on Tyne at the age of sixty-nine. Two songs which brought her fame were "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" and "Let the Great Big World Keep Turning," which she sang in "Bing Boys," in which she appeared with George Robey.



## A PATRON OF GOOD CAUSES: THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, G.B.E., died on July 16 in a London nursing home at the age of sixty-six. Before her marriage, in 1917, as Lady Irene Denison, she helped in her mother's charitable work, taking part in amateur theatrical productions for various good causes. She captained the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association team against the Commons in 1952.



## NEW DIRECTOR OF KEW GARDENS: DR. GEORGE TAYLOR.

Dr. George Taylor has been appointed Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, from October 1, in succession to Sir Edward Salisbury, who is retiring, it was announced on July 21. Dr. Taylor has been Keeper of Botany in the British Museum (Natural History) since 1950. He was awarded the Victoria medal of honour of the Royal Horticultural Society this year.





ON THE DECK OF THE TRAINING-SHIP *ARETHUSA*: PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS ADDRESSES PARENTS AND CADETS AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE. Prince Bernhard presented the prizes and gave an address at the annual passing-out parade of cadets on board the training-ship *Arethusa*, off Rochester, on July 19. He was invited by the *Arethusa*'s commander, who had met the Prince during the war.



ONE OF THE TROPHIES WON BY THE BRITISH KETCH *MOYANA* BEING PRESENTED TO HER COMMANDER BY THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER OF MARINE. On July 17 the prizes offered for the Torbay to Lisbon sailing-ship race were presented. Our picture shows the Portuguese Minister of Marine presenting one of the prizes to Captain H. Stewart, commander of the *Moyana*, which won in the over-100-ton class.



GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR JOHN HARDING, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CYPRUS: LORD RADCLIFFE, THE RECENTLY APPOINTED CONSTITUTIONAL COMMISSIONER. On July 14 Lord Radcliffe arrived in Cyprus, and is seen here with Lady Radcliffe being greeted by the Governor, Sir John Harding. Lord Radcliffe has been holding interviews for the purpose of advising on a new constitution for the island.

## NEWS ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD; AND THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD ENTHRONED.



DURING HIS FOUR-DAY STATE VISIT TO BRITAIN: KING FAISAL OF IRAQ INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR AT HARROW, HIS OLD SCHOOL. On July 18 King Faisal of Iraq visited Harrow, where he was formerly a pupil, and there inspected a guard of honour formed by members of the school cadets. Further pictures of King Faisal's visit appeared in our last issue.



THE BRIONI TALKS: (L. TO R.) MARSHAL TITO, HIS WIFE, MR. NEHRU, PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA, AND COL. NASSER, PRESIDENT OF EGYPT. On July 18 and 19 talks were held by Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Mr. Nehru, and Colonel Nasser, on Brioni Island, in the Adriatic. One of their joint recommendations was that Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations.



THE NEW BISHOP OF GUILDFORD: THE RT. REV. I. S. WATKINS GIVES THE TRADITIONAL KNOCK ON THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH DOORS. On July 18 the Rt. Rev. I. S. Watkins, former Bishop Suffragan of Malmesbury, was enthroned as fourth Bishop of Guildford. The enthronement was in the Cathedral Church and was performed by the Ven. A. Sargent, the Archdeacon of Canterbury.



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BALLIOL MAN.

"AN EDWARDIAN YOUTH." By L. E. JONES.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR LAWRENCE JONES'S book, "A Victorian Boyhood," after exquisite, easy, but careful, sketches of country home, family, servants, garden, farm and foreign travel, took him through Eton, where he was Captain of the Boats and a great swell (the Victorian term, in this context, is surely pardonable) in every respect. When I came to the end of that book I most ardently hoped that he would continue his autobiography, in I didn't care how many volumes, up to the present day. It wasn't because, with a year or two's difference, I was his contemporary and knew many people he knew. It wasn't merely because I was nostalgic for the things of which England has been robbed by the Germans, the Socialists, and the pervading bureaucracy, who, the other day, were reported as ploughing in the barley which Lady Garbett planted. It wasn't because I remembered Sir Lawrence's blunt, original, unexpected father, who must have been six-feet-four, like his eminent oarsman of a son. It was chiefly because of the mere writing. Sir Lawrence is a modest man, and, if one praised him for his beautiful English, would probably reply: "But how else could one put it? That is how it was." But he has the gift, the style being the man, and sincerity and melody the marks of both, of making small things memorable, because of the loving care, of heart and brain, which he expends on them. Had he written of things and people even less important, to the general world, than those which he has encountered, he would have presented them, by virtue of his affection and honeyed style, as bees in amber. Miss Mitford did much the same thing in "Our Village," which collection of essays about cricket, old cottagers, and the carting of hay, has survived many an enormous tome about the bloody wars and fierce political struggles of the Persons of Importance in Their Day.

In his former book Sir Lawrence portrayed his Norfolk Village and his Eton Village. He now goes on to his Oxford Village, which was Balliol. It was against nature for him to go to Balliol, or even to Oxford; his father, his uncle, and his grandfather had all occupied the same rooms, in Neville's Court, Trinity College, Cambridge, and he even went up there for an interview. But an Oxonian master suggested that he might get a Brackenbury Scholarship, or at least Exhibition, at Balliol. His non-resisting father, probably thinking of relief to the family fortunes, betrayed his native University, and didn't say "No." Jones won his Exhibition, went to Oxford, got a Second in Mods and a First in History, became President of the O.U.B.C., and is now, he says, "Oxford to the marrow."

He went up: he describes the adventure beautifully, for, tall and strong as he was, he was timid in front of the formidable dons. He then plunged into Balliol.

I don't know what Balliol is like now. I rather doubt if it has now the dominance or the feeling of "effortless superiority" which it had then. Sir Lawrence says that in his time there were three Universities: "Balliol," "Oxford" and "Cambridge"; the phrase indicates the attitude of the Balliol man of his day. It was, I suppose, a hang-over from Jowett: the College at that time attracted both the socially-eminent and the intellectually-eminent, and, if the two things fitted in together, so much the better. There was a sufficiency of athletes in the College, but, says our author, "A striking difference between the air of Balliol and the air of Eton was that at Balliol the atmosphere was free from any taint of athlete-worship. This could not have been said

of all Colleges in those days; in many of them 'Blues' were all but adored, and the famous Jack Raphael strolled about the town attended by his courtiers. Balliol expected, and achieved, a more adult outlook in her young men. There was plenty of keenness, especially at Rugger and on the river, but success in games added nothing to a man's popularity or consideration inside the College gates. This tradition enabled the wit, the scholar, the musician or the eccentric, whose growth at school had been retarded by obscurity, like that of plants kept in a cellar, to blossom and to expand. In the shifting groups that knotted or untied themselves beneath the elms and chestnut trees of the Quad, the central figure may have sometimes worn an Annandale, but rarely a dark blue tie." Pindar, evidently, would have had a poor reception at Balliol.

Quite early in these pages we encounter persons later to be notable in a sphere wider than that of Balliol, or even Oxford. The first is the young man who was to become so conspicuous a figure at international conferences—Sir Alexander Cadogan. There was a dispute, on a point of etiquette, between Jones, the freshman, and Archie Gordon, a senior. "Alec Cadogan, even then competent to handle an awkward incident with the cool and equable common sense which

opinion. I was slowly to learn, by the hard way, that to a high degree in most relationships, and in the army absolutely, seniority is the clinching argument, and that bloody freshmen should hold their tongues."

There is a glimpse of "Julian Grenfell chasing young Philip Sassoon out of College with a stock-whip"; they are both dead, Grenfell early in the '14 War, leaving behind him two superb poems and a great reputation as a boxer, Sassoon, later, leaving a great fortune and a well-deserved reputation for imperturbability. There are glimpses, again, of many of those young men who were killed in that war and who, had there been no war, would have dominated the English scene. I have sometimes encountered a tendency amongst my juniors to say: "They can't have been so brilliant as you think they were; you merely idealise them because they died young." Nobody of my generation, remembering his fellows at school or the University, can possibly agree with that. The last War was bad enough in its extermination of the best; but the first War was a scythe which spared few of the outstanding young men.

Younger men than Sir Lawrence may think him too much of a *laudator temporis acti* in his treatment of that time before the world relapsed into barbarism. They may also, because of his habitual use of nicknames, think him parochial. His contemporaries will not; the nicknames were identification discs, and will recall many memories to those whose memories go back before the Kaiser's War.

At the end of the book Sir Lawrence marries: that, in a way, is the end of youth. Before he gets there he has many an amusing story to tell about the eminent and the obscure, literary disquisitions about Meredith, Pater, Keats and others, and thoughtful reflections on life in general, sex and religion included. In later volumes, which must include his experiences in the War, he will come nearer to our own day, and perhaps allay

the resentment of those who think that anybody who talks about a remoter past is a foggy. For myself I know that when I was an undergraduate or an impatient young man I should have delighted in such a book written by somebody almost old enough to be my grandfather. Sir Lawrence has kept his heart fresh, his eyes open, and his sense of humour unimpaired.

And his loyalties. He says, early, that there must be "a sense of being possessed, as well as of possessing."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 160 of this issue.



MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ITALY, WHO IS STATED TO HAVE BEEN SUFFERING FROM ARSENIC POISONING CAUSED BY DUST FROM THE CEILING OF HER ROME APARTMENT.



MRS. CLARE LUCE'S BEDROOM IN THE VILLA TAVERNA, ROME: DUST FALLING FROM THE CEILING OF THIS ROOM IS SAID TO HAVE CAUSED MRS. LUCE'S ILL HEALTH SINCE SHE TOOK UP RESIDENCE AS U.S. AMBASSADOR TO ITALY OVER THREE YEARS AGO.

It was reported from New York on July 17 that the illness which Mrs. Clare Luce, the United States Ambassador to Italy, has been suffering from since her appointment over three years ago was arsenic poisoning, and that the source of the poison was dust from the ceiling of her bedroom at the Villa Taverna, in Rome. The account of her illness and the discovery of its unusual cause appeared in the American weekly, *Time*, which is published by Mrs. Luce's husband. The decorator who worked on the room is said to have made two contradictory statements to Italian newspapers about the possibility of such poisoning occurring, and the case has provoked much comment. Mrs. Luce's health is now improved after a visit to the U.S.A., and she will shortly be returning to Rome.

later distinguished him at Lake Success, came to my rescue. He ruled that a mere freshman, in his own rooms and at his own table, might expect even second-year men to eat bareheaded, and that Archie should not have refused, as he did, to remove his cloth cap before meat. Molotov may, on occasions, have contested a ruling by Alec Cadogan; but we others, and Archie among us, never did." Sir Lawrence judiciously continues: "But why recollect a thing so much less than a petty skirmish? I record it, I think, because I was not always to escape so easily from the consequences of my naïve assumption that seniority has no relevance in matters of conduct and

\* "An Edwardian Youth," By L. E. Jones, (Macmillan, 1955.)





KING FAISAL AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM—IN THE GALLERY OF THE ELGIN MARBLES. HE VISITED THE MUSEUM WITH HIS UNCLE, THE CROWN PRINCE, ON THE EVENING OF JULY 17.

## KING FAISAL IN LONDON: AT GUILDHALL; AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE SILVER CASKET IN WHICH THE CITY OF LONDON'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME WAS PRESENTED TO KING FAISAL. IT BEARS THE ARMS OF IRAQ AND THE CITY AND WAS DESIGNED BY GARRARD AND CO., THE CROWN JEWELLERS.

THE day of King Faisal's arrival in England for his State visit (which was reported in our last issue) closed with a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace. On the following day, July 17, the young King, with his uncle, the Crown Prince, drove in a ceremonial drive to Guildhall for a reception and luncheon. In Guildhall Yard there was a guard of honour of the Royal Marine Forces Volunteer Reserve; and at a Court of Common Council in the Library of Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presented the King with an address of welcome in a silver casket, to which King Faisal replied in a graceful speech. After this followed the luncheon in Guildhall. Later in the day King Faisal visited the British Museum; and in the evening entertained the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to dinner in the residence of the Iraqi Ambassador.



IN THE LIBRARY OF GUILDHALL—AS KING FAISAL REPLIED TO THE ADDRESS. SEATED AT THE TABLE IS THE LORD MAYOR.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR CUTHBERT ACKROYD, PRESENTS THE SILVER CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO KING FAISAL.



AT THE CITY LUNCHEON FOR KING FAISAL: THE LORD MAYOR APPLAUDS THE YOUNG KING OF IRAQ'S REPLY TO THE TOAST.



IN one of the slightly sententious conversations sandwiched between the exciting adventures of "Masterman Ready," William asked his father, Mr. Seagrave, to explain why the Cape of Good Hope was called a colony. Mr. Seagrave complied, and went on to say that when a colony had grown strong enough to throw off the yoke of subjection it did so. "But is it not very ungrateful of a colony to leave the mother-country, which has protected it so long?" asked this thoughtful boy. Mr. Seagrave answered that it seemed so at first sight, but not on reflection; he then explained why. Then the insatiable William developed this line of thought. "You say that nations rise and fall; and you have mentioned the Portuguese as a proof. Will England ever fall and be of no more importance than Portugal is now?"

Mr. Seagrave replied that such was the fate of all nations; we must therefore expect it to be that of our dear country. "We see no appearance of it, any more than we perceive the latent seeds of death in our own bodies," but it must come. "Sooner or later England will no more be mistress of the seas." I am glad to say that William, no *fin-de-siècle* pessimist, exclaimed: "I hope it will be a long time first!" and that his father agreed. Mr. Seagrave also spoke of the possibility that Africans, now "barbarians and savages," might become great. This excellent book dates in a way that "Mr. Midshipman Easy" never can, but

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

its frame of mind with that of the two giants which have outstripped it, we feel that both see the path ahead more clearly, the United States from the point of view of a nation, Soviet Russia from that of an autocratic government. The Conservatives, in office, have set themselves the laudable and urgent goal of stopping inflation and fortifying the pound. What they have not so far done is to fortify or even maintain the spirits of the harassed and perhaps disappearing middle classes.

Labour, in opposition, is divided. The right wing, in control at present, gives the impression of being stumped because most of the objectives which it considers desirable have been reached and, since it must have a programme, to be working out one which will do the least possible harm from its point of view. The left wing, which seeks "real Socialism," is deeply dissatisfied with such a party policy and will do its utmost to transform it into something more sweeping. Over both parties broods the growing indifference of the country to party warfare, the growing lack of interest in debates except on special occasions,

increase in regular recruitment which is so desirable. Should inflation continue at its present rate, it will nullify the value of the higher pay of officers and rank and file within a year or two. One need not despair of the checking of inflation. It is possible. But he would be a bold man who would prophesy that it is going to happen. This is not

the place to discuss all the consequences, some of them grim, if it should continue. It must suffice here to say that if this proves to be the case, the position of Britain in the world, which is my present subject, will assuredly decline further.

The heartening side of the picture is the developing capacity and fast-growing efficiency of industry. In the ten years since we began to do something besides clearing up the bomb damage there has been a striking improvement in the devices by means of which finished goods are produced. Trade union leaders are at one with economists in the belief that automation must be expected to increase national wealth, though in some industries it must also make it necessary for wage-earners—and higher staffs for that matter—to find other employment. We dare not refuse to adopt it. That would be the equivalent of going back to scythes and sickles on our farms. British industry possesses great potentialities if it will take its opportunities.

Britain, then, has suffered a decline, which has been accentuated by the two world wars but which was, to a certain degree, unavoidable in any event.



ANGLICAN BISHOPS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD: THE CONSULTATIVE BODY OF THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE AND OF THE ANGLICAN ADVISORY COUNCIL ON MISSIONARY STRATEGY, PHOTOGRAPHED AT LAMBETH PALACE ON JULY 17.

This photograph of a most impressive gathering of Anglican church leaders shows:— (Front row, left to right): The Bishop of Brechin, Scotland; the Bishop of Connecticut, U.S.A.; the Bishop of Chekiang, China; the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Canada; the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles (Primus of the Scottish Church); the Bishop of New York, U.S.A.; the Bishop on the Upper Nile; the Bishop of Chichester; Bishop Allen (representing the Bishop in Jerusalem); Bishop Davis (representing

the West Indies); the Bishop of Durham. (Back row, left to right): The Bishop of London; the Bishop of Bombay, India; the Bishop of Grahamstown, South Africa; the Bishop of Blackburn (representing New Zealand); the Archbishop of West Africa; the Bishop of Saskatchewan, Canada; the Bishop of Liverpool; the Bishop of Winchester; the Bishop of Lahore, India; the Bishop of Matabeleland; the Bishop of Bangor, Wales; Bishop Bentley (of the U.S.A.); and the Bishop of Singapore.

these pages are not alone in displaying the wisdom and candour of Marryat.

No one disputes to-day the truth of Mr. Seagrave's contention that national greatness cannot last for ever. Few deny that as the result of human beings having attained the power to fly, of the industrial expansion of the United States and Soviet Russia, of the exceptional strain of two world wars, and for some other reasons, Britain has suffered a decline. People disagree strongly, however, about how far the decline has gone, whether it is bound to continue, and if so how far and how fast, and even whether it is to be regretted. Optimists point to the high quality of British goods and the continuing solidarity with at least three white nations of the Commonwealth. Pessimists lament inflation, the difficulty of maintaining solvency, and, on a broader view, the greater potentialities of various other lands.

One of Britain's heaviest handicaps to-day is psychological. The country is probably less deeply divided than most, but it is unsure of itself and its aims. It lacks self-confidence. If we contrast

and the feeling that the number of great political figures has sadly declined.

Inflation continues, and a number of wage claims, amounting in sum to an enormous total, are pending. Employers are in doubtful mood. Some who are minded to call a halt at any cost are chilled when they open their order books and count foreign contracts with a time-limit, contracts which would be lost by major strikes in their industries. Yet their outlook is changing. Whereas there has been in the past an unspoken, perhaps often unrealised, agreement between the greater industrial firms and corporations and the trade unions to put up with a certain amount of wage increases and a certain parallel inflation year by year, each side keeping its end up at the expense of the rest of the public, that contract looks much less firm to-day.

Of all the material problems with which we are faced, that of inflation is the worst. To take a single example of its significance, a substantial increase in service pay had been granted and the hope has been expressed that it may lead to the

Yet the nation as a whole has largely recovered its strength, though large sections of it have been impoverished and discouraged by the transfer of wealth, and this exercises a weakening influence on its economy. Whether we continue to occupy the still high and honourable position in which we stand to-day is largely a matter for ourselves. Those who are uninterested in greatness and do not share the national pride of Master William Seagrave must realise that it is not just a matter of declining in stature which is the danger. If they are not proud of their country they are not forgetful of their stomachs. These organs would be imperilled by failure to maintain our position.

This cannot be done in the face of inflation, but there is one other important factor. It cannot be done if in all walks of life we are determined to work notably less hard than other countries. We depend on our trade more than almost any, and if we fail to compete with others in trade we are finished. But we have the capacity, the brains, the skill, the strength, and the resources to remain a great and prosperous nation if we choose to make the best of them.





UNDERGOING TRIALS OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST: THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER, S.T. *SPYROS NIARCHOS*, WHICH WAS HANDED OVER TO ITS OWNERS IN MAY.



THE BRIDGE STRUCTURE OF THE *SPYROS NIARCHOS*, WHICH IS OWNED BY THE NEPTUNE TANKER CORPORATION.



FINE CONTEMPORARY BRITISH SHIP DESIGNING AND FITTING: THE APPROACH TO THE OWNER'S APARTMENTS.



ALL MODERN COMFORTS ON BOARD A MERCHANT SHIP: A CABIN IN THE OWNER'S APARTMENTS ON THE *SPYROS NIARCHOS*.



WHERE THE OWNER AND HIS GUESTS MAY SAIL THE OCEANS IN COMFORT AND LUXURY: THE LOUNGE IN THE OWNER'S APARTMENTS.



THE SMOKING-ROOM WITH THE DINING-ROOM BEYOND: A FURTHER VIEW OF THE OWNER'S APARTMENTS IN THE *SPYROS NIARCHOS*.

#### THE S.T. *SPYROS NIARCHOS*: MODERN DESIGN AND COMFORT ON BOARD THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER.

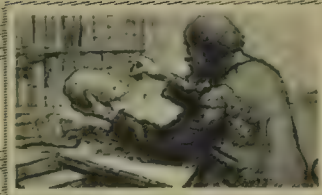
On December 2 of last year the world's largest single-purpose oil tanker S.T. *Spyros Niarchos*, was launched from the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd. (Details were published at the time in our issues of December 10 and 17.) Having successfully completed her trials, she was formally handed over to her owners, the Neptune Tanker Corporation, which is controlled by Mr. Stavros Niarchos. Some idea of the superb fittings of the *Spyros Niarchos*, which has an overall length of 757 ft. and

a D.W. tonnage of 47,750, may be seen from the photographs on this page. Particularly impressive are the owner's apartments, several views of which may be seen here. The *Spyros Niarchos* is under charter to the Shell Group and is at present sailing from the Persian Gulf to Marseilles. Her sister-ship, the *Eugenie Niarchos*, is due to be launched at Barrow-in-Furness on August 8. These two tankers are the largest merchant ships to be constructed in Britain since the war.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE found ourselves the possessors of a nest of young blackbirds. A neighbour cutting-back a hedge had fully exposed the nest, so that the parents had deserted it. Whether he felt a responsibility for the present plight of the nestlings, or because he felt we might be interested in having them, is of little consequence to the story. Nest and nestlings found their way into my study and we started once more on the fascinating but perplexing path of trying to see how the wheels go round in a piece of living machinery. When first installed, the nestling blackbirds already had their eyes open, but this must have been of recent date because they still used the vertical gape. That is, the moment one touched the nest, or did anything to vibrate it, the heads on their absurdly thin and scraggy necks were thrust vertically upwards, and the beaks were opened wide, exposing the yellow mouths and throats. Food, and more food, was the crying need, and at this stage in their lives, food and sleep represent almost the sum total of their daily lives.

Within a matter of hours after their arrival the young blackbirds were responding with the directed gape. So long as hunger was assuaged they were content to huddle in the bottom of the nest and leave the rest of the world to take care of itself. As the pangs began to mount, they began to let the world know, by insistent cheeping, that they needed attention. Then, the moment one approached the nest, and especially when you held a finger out towards them, the wide-open beaks were thrust in its direction. The response is automatic, requiring no thought, only the operation of an inherited reflex. Yet even in this, one could see, occasionally, something that looked very like a piece of learning, almost a faint dawning of insight.

It was in these early days that, on one occasion when I went to feed the nestlings, by thrusting food down the gaping throat with a pair of tweezers, one of the nestlings was lying with its head directed away from me. At the first movement of my hand, both it and its nest-mate thrust the head up in the inevitable gape, but this first nestling was gaping in the opposite direction, away from the food. After a brief few seconds of this it appeared to realise that no succour could come from that direction and shuffled around to face the same direction as its fellow. This kind of mistake was seldom made, but the few occasions were sufficient to show a dawning intelligence, even if that intelligence was of a very low order. Certainly, much of the subsequent behaviour belied any idea that a young bird could use anything but the simplest of mental faculties.

The necessary reflexes and reactions at this period in a young bird's development are few and simple, but there is the compensation that each has a fair margin of safety. This much seemed evident from the events of a particular morning a few days after the nestlings had been brought to us. Up to that time, their horizon had been limited. The nest was set on a shelf more than 4 ft. up from the ground, so that the young birds could have had little knowledge of their benefactors, apart from the sight of our heads and shoulders. On this morning, when I first came down, I could hear the insistent cheeping inside the study, but when I opened the door and looked in I found the nest empty. The young birds had not flown, they had merely fluttered down from the nest, and were in opposite corners of the room. As I entered each came towards me, gaping in request of food.

Although now confronted with a full-length colossus, where before they had become accustomed

### YOUNG BIRDS' EDUCATION.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

to head and shoulders only, they appeared to recognise me. I felt gratified, if not mildly flattered, that this should be so; and I marvelled a little at the young birds' perspicacity. They tended to follow me as I moved around the room, and the sense of having these trusting charges so attached to me was even more flattering and gratifying. Disillusionment came by accident, a few hours later, when the blackbirds had been put in a large wire cage in the sunroom. It so happened

that in carrying a long strip of wood, the end by chance was swung towards the cage. I was at least 6 ft. away, and I saw the young birds gape trustingly and expectantly at the moving end of the wooden strip. I experimented with a number of things in a number of ways, and satisfied myself that the blackbirds were prepared to show this gaping devotion to any moving object, animate or inanimate.

Clearly, this automatic response to a moving object must have its advantage to the parents. When fledglings leave the nest, their capacity for wandering is fairly great, and with a brood of three or four, the task of keeping the family together as well as making excursions to find food would be well-nigh insupportable without it. At the same time it has its dangers. We found in the course of our fostering duties that when the cage was later put out into the garden the fledglings would gape towards any moving object, even a passing cat. Indeed, the cat could only be described as passing because one of us was there to hustle it on. Without the protecting wire and the human presence the story would have ended there. Presumably the parents assist the education of their young in the matter of predators by their own conduct, and especially by their alarm notes, to which, happily for them, the young birds have an inborn response.

The wire cage was large and rectangular, with two perches. The size and shape were an inconvenience when it came to feeding-time, but even this was instructive to us. The most convenient method of presenting the food was by pushing the tweezers holding it through the wires. The birds would gape strenuously at it, but they had no idea of advancing towards it. So, if they were perched in the middle of the cage it was necessary to wait while, in their frantic eagerness for food, they jumped at random from perch to perch until chance brought them near enough to the wire for the tweezers to reach their throats. And if the food were not pushed well down they had little idea of taking it.

Independent feeding is quite certainly learned. If in feeding them the food was accidentally dropped before them, they made, at first, no attempt to pick it up. Moreover, in the first endeavours to pick up food the young blackbird tries to retrieve it from the ground with the beak wide open. Only after two or three attempts does the idea come of closing the beak on it.

It was not for twelve days after they had first learned to fly that these youngsters fed independently for the first time. Then it was always to take something that moved, such as a small worm. Motionless food, even of the kind they were used to, evoked no response until four days later, when they would pick up bread-crumbs. In this, as in all other actions, there was little if any learning by example, and the birds were, in the ordinary sense, unteachable, but they had a learning ability which, starting with a weak inner impulse, was developed by trial-and-error experience. One had the impression therefore that the chief rôle of the parents, apart from incubating and feeding the youngsters, lies in assisting this trial-and-error process.



"WHEN YOU HELD A FINGER OUT TOWARDS THEM THE WIDE-OPEN BEAKS WERE THRUST IN ITS DIRECTION."

Although this gaping reaction is made to all sorts of movements, it does not take place when the fledgling's stomach is full. The gaping reaction is the result of a simple connection between the feeling of hunger in the stomach and the movement of the muscles of the beak.

Photographs by Jane Burton.



FEEDING THE YOUNG BLACKBIRDS WITH THE TWEEZERS.

"If the food were not pushed well down they had little idea of taking it. Independent feeding is quite certainly learned. If in feeding them the food was accidentally dropped before them, they made, at first, no attempt to pick it up."

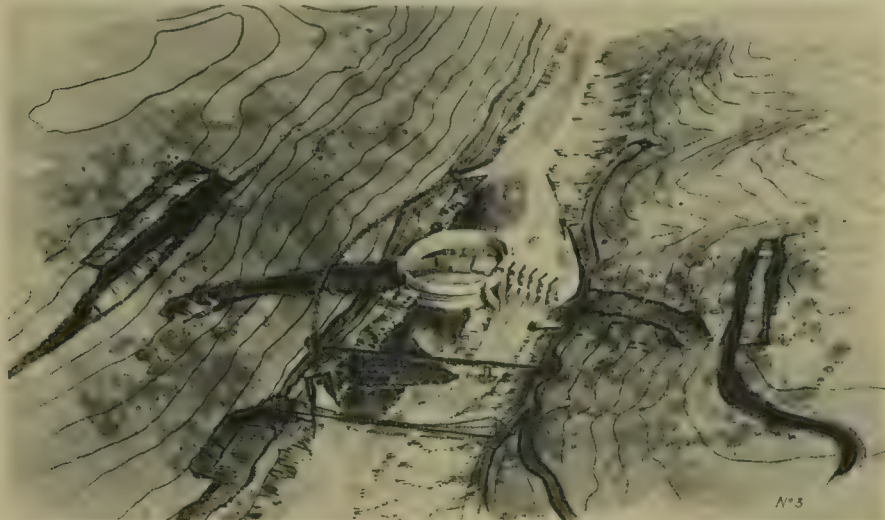




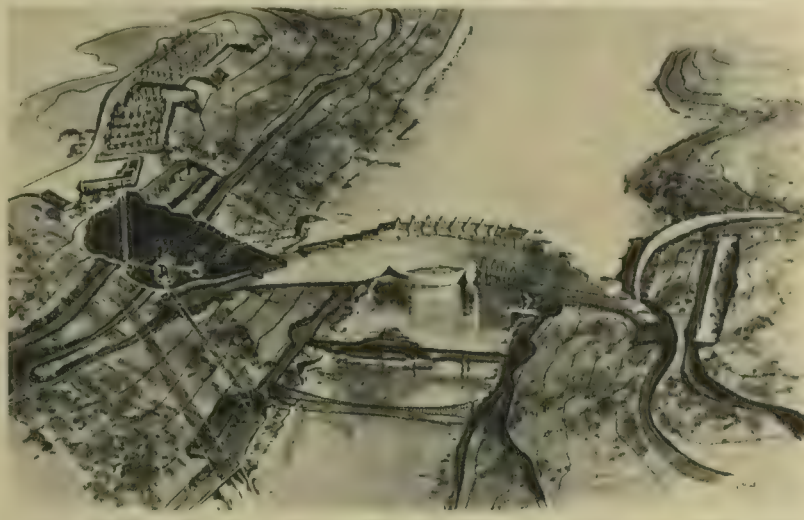
THE FIRST PHASE IN MAKING THE KARIBA DAM—LOW-WATER SEASONS, 1955 AND 1956: AN ARC COFFER DAM IS BUILT OVER A DIVERSION CHANNEL ON THE LEFT BANK, WITH A DIVERSION TUNNEL IN THE RIGHT BANK.



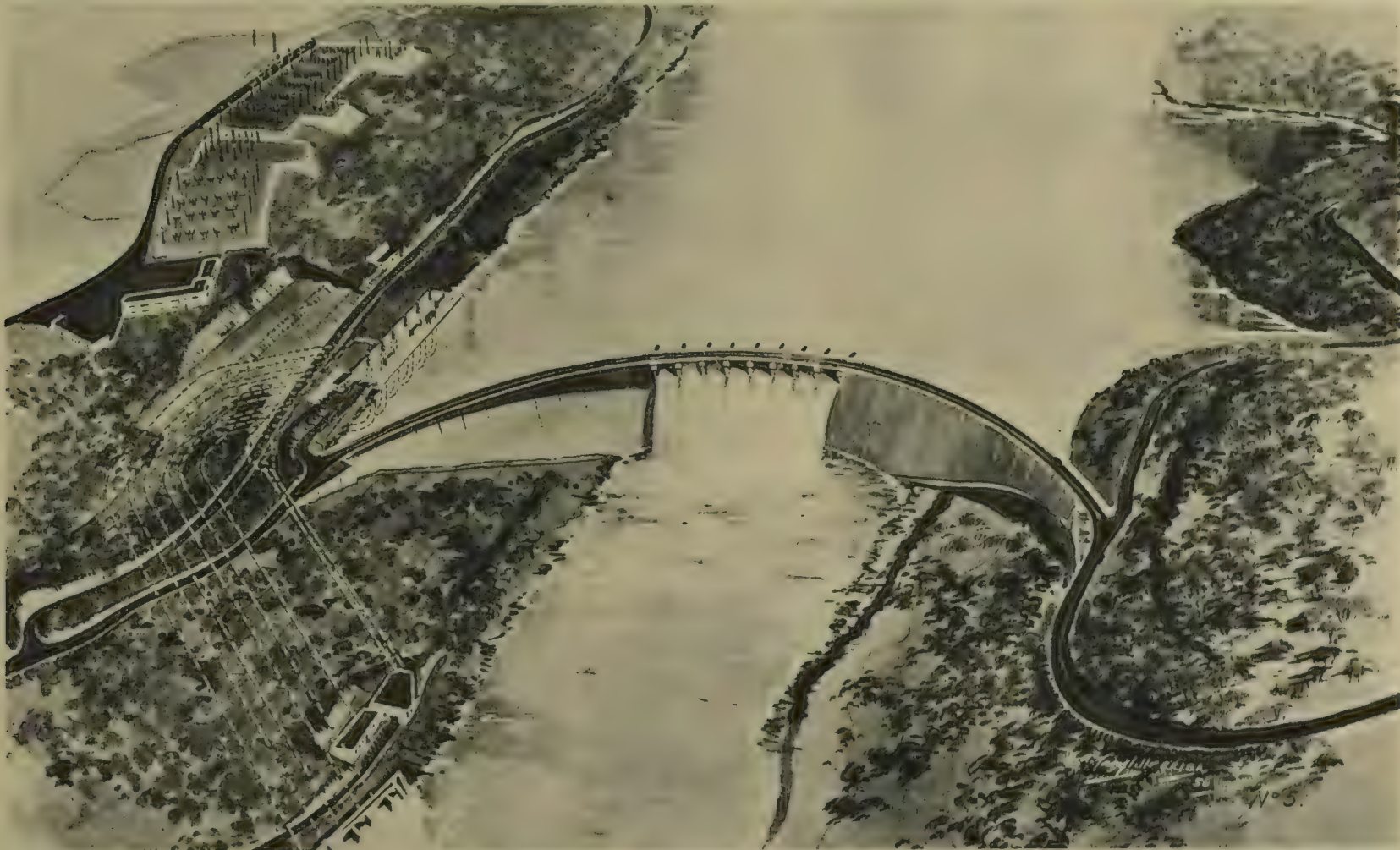
THE SECOND PHASE: HIGH-WATER SEASON 1956-57: THE LEFT FLANK SECTION, WITH TEMPORARY OPENINGS, IS BUILT INSIDE THE ARC, BRIDGES AND PART OF THE RIGHT FLANK SECTION ARE CONSTRUCTED.



THE THIRD PHASE: LOW-WATER SEASON 1957. THE ARC DAM IS DEMOLISHED AND THE RIVER FLOWS THROUGH THE DIVERSION CHANNEL. IN THE OLD CHANNEL THE MAIN DAM IS BUILT INSIDE A DOUBLE ARC COFFER DAM.



THE FOURTH PHASE: LOW-WATER SEASON 1958, ONWARDS. THE DAM IS BEING COMPLETED, THE OPENINGS CLOSED, THE POWER HOUSE, INTAKES AND TAIL RACES PREPARED (INSIDE THE RIGHT BANK).



FIRST FINAL STAGE: THE DAM COMPLETED AND OVERFLOWING. IN THE RIGHT BANK (LEFT ON PICTURE) DOTTED LINES SHOW THE UNDERGROUND INTAKES AND THE SIX TAIL RACES. ON THE LEFT BANK, ABOVE THE DAM, AN ARCHED COFFER DAM IN READINESS FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENT.

#### CREATING THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAN-MADE LAKE: HOW THE HUGE KARIBA DAM IS BEING BUILT.

In our issue of December 31 last year we published a number of photographs of the very first stages in the construction of the Kariba Dam, a huge hydro-electric project, which will create the world's largest man-made lake in the Zambezi Valley and supply to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in its first stage 500 megawatts of electric power and in its final completed stage 1200 megawatts. The cost to the first stage is estimated at £79,414,000; to the final stage as £113,234,000. The design of the dam is of great interest, and here in artist's impressions (reproduced by courtesy of "Optima"), we show the various phases in the construction to the completion of the first stage—i.e., the completion

of the dam and of a six-turbine power house inside the rock of the right bank of the gorge; the final stage simply consists in duplicating this power house inside the left bank. The sequence of drawings is largely self-explanatory; and the sequence of operations is determined by the annual succession of long low-water seasons followed by short high-water seasons. The fourth phase shows the overhead wires, known as "Blondins," which are used for the transport of materials to the growing dam. As can be seen from the drawings, the chief problem was the diversion of waters to allow the maximum "working in the dry." The completed dam will carry on its top a motor road from Livingstone to Lusaka.



# WATER-BOMBING BY HELICOPTER: A NEW METHOD OF FIGHTING CANADIAN FOREST FIRES.

EVERY year thousands of acres of Canadian timber are destroyed by fires started by careless campers and hunters or by some other cause. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests are fighting a constant battle to try to prevent this annual wastage of timber, and one of the latest devices to be employed is the water bomb. These have already proved their worth, and in future will become part of the standard fire-fighting equipment. Their chief uses are the extinguishing of small incipient fires, with the special advantage that they can be flown very rapidly to distant spots and used to stem fires until men and pumps can reach the scene, and also general assistance for those fighting a fire on the ground. Close co-operation between ground and air is carried out by radio. The bombs are carried in D.H.C. Beaver aircraft or in helicopters, and experiments have recently been carried out with helicopters carrying their own water tanks and hoses. The water bombs are usually dropped eight at a time, and are made of specially-treated paper. They carry  $3\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of water and weigh  $35\frac{1}{2}$  lb. each.

(Right.)  
EXTINGUISHING A SMALL FOREST FIRE BY MEANS OF DROPPING SPECIAL PAPER-BAG BOMBS FILLED WITH WATER: A METHOD NOW BEING USED IN CANADA. THE BOMBS ARE DROPPED FROM HEIGHTS OF UP TO 200 FT.



A "STICK" OF SIX WATER BOMBS LOADED ON THE INCLINED ROLLER CONVEYER MOUNTED ON THE FLOAT OF A HELICOPTER. EACH BOMB WEIGHS APPROXIMATELY 35 LB.



FILLING THE WATER BOMBS: EACH BAG HOLDS  $3\frac{1}{2}$  GALLONS. AN ADHESIVE COMPOUND IS USED TO MAKE THE PAPER WATERPROOF.





ST. MALO REBUILT: A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS RAMPARTS WITH SOME OF THE "MAISONS CORSAIRES" BEHIND THEM.

Two popular places lie on either side of the estuary of the River Rance, on the coast of Brittany. On the west is Dinard and facing it to the east is the picturesque walled town of St. Malo. Almost entirely rebuilt after its destruction in 1944, this ancient city is now again one of the outstanding sights of the French Channel coast. In his drawing on this page Dennis Flanders shows the view seen by the visitor from Britain as his boat ties up at the quay on the right. There is a regular ferry service to St. Malo from Southampton and from Jersey. The visitor who wishes to travel by air must fly to Dinard, from which a ferry will take him across the short stretch of water dividing it from St. Malo. A portion of the famous ramparts, dating

from as early as the thirteenth century but entirely restored by Vauban in the seventeenth, may be seen in this drawing. The walk round the walls, which were fortunately largely spared in 1944, is a "must" for every visitor to this city. It is now made all the more interesting by the views into the second- or third-floor interiors of the rebuilt "maisons corsaires." (Some of these are shown on the left of the drawing.) Some of these interiors are modern, whilst others have the original panelling faithfully copied, and one has the curious experience of looking at a perfect Louis XIV interior, which one knows has only just been built. Every effort has been made to rebuild these houses as they were originally put up by Vauban.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.





# RESURRECTED TO ITS FORMER BEAUTY: ST. MALO, LARGELY DESTROYED IN 1944, AND NOW NEARLY ENTIRELY REBUILT. A SEAWARD VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BRETON WALLED CITY.

The ancient seaport of St. Malo is now again one of the most picturesque spots on the coast of Brittany. In August 1944 this formidable stronghold was wrested from its German garrison, but not before the greater part of the old town within the walls had been destroyed by bombing and gunfire. The Malouins were not daunted by this destruction, and plans were put in hand to reconstruct the city, keeping as closely as possible to its character and features before the bombardment. As Dennis Flinders' recent drawings show, this tremendous task is now almost complete. The old St. Malo, so impressive within its sturdy walls, has been resurrected. The ramparts, which date from as far back as the

thirteenth century but were entirely rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth under the direction of the famous engineer, Vauban, were fortunately little damaged in 1944. But within the walls some three-quarters of the buildings were destroyed. Now the groups of houses designed by Vauban, and known as "*les maisons corseilles*," have been rebuilt exactly as they stood before. The granite has been hewn from the same quarries as were used for the original houses. Other parts of the town, where Vauban had not worked, have been rebuilt to conform more to the character of his work, which gave St. Malo its most beautiful groups of buildings. Churches, schools, hospitals, blocks of flats and

offices have been built in the manner set by Vauban in his "*maisons corseilles*," though contemporary ideas have also been incorporated. Most of the streets have been made slightly wider than before, and are paved with flat granite bobbles, pale blue and pink in colour. Granite is the predominant material, and in places the austerity of the high façades has been relieved by carvings of the keystones of arches, and wrought-iron balconies. One of the most successful buildings is the new fish market, which replaces an ungainly iron structure. This is elaborately decorated with designs based on the fish motif. Even the tiles on the roof are fashioned in the shape of fish scales. Two men

have been largely responsible for the work of rebuilding. M. Arreische, of Paris, has been in charge of the town-planning side. M. Cornon, who lives at Rennes, and is both a specialist in the treatment of historical architecture as well as an eminent archaeologist, was responsible for the rebuilding of the Vauban houses. The drawing on these two pages shows St. Malo from the seaward side. It was made from the island, accessible at low tide, known as Le Grand Bé, where Chateaubriand is buried. The part of the town yet to be rebuilt is seen on the left. It is expected that by next year the whole task will be completed, save for the famous spire of the church in the centre.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flinders.





A FINE ACHIEVEMENT ON THE BRETON COAST: A SECTION OF THE REBUILT CITY OF ST. MALO, SEEN ACROSS THE BASSIN VAUBAN.



ONE OF THE NEW BLOCKS OF APARTMENTS BUILT IN THE STYLE OF VAUBAN. ST. SERVAN IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE BEYOND THE HARBOUR.

ST. MALO REBUILT: TWO FURTHER VIEWS OF THE BEAUTIFUL WALLED HARBOUR CITY ON THE BRETON COAST.

St. Malo, which takes its name from a seventh-century Welsh missionary bishop, is now almost completely rebuilt after its virtual reduction to ruins in 1944. In his two drawings on this page Dennis Flanders clearly shows one of the most striking features of the rebuilt city. This is the restoration of Vauban's impressive "*maisons corsaires*," and the building of other parts of the city in the style of Vauban. The Marquis de Vauban (1633-1707) was the outstanding French military engineer

of his day, and was responsible for the fortification of many French towns. He was also an able town-planner and architect of domestic buildings, such as those which he built in St. Malo. It is interesting to note that last week a Bernard Shaw Festival was held in St. Malo, to mark the centenary of his birth on July 26, 1856. The festival included open-air performances of Shaw's "*Cæsar and Cleopatra*" in the courtyard of the Château de la Duchesse Anne, seen on the right of the top drawing.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## HARDY ORCHIDS IN THE GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

FOR some reason or other the hardy terrestrial orchids are popularly supposed to be difficult to grow.

From my own personal, and somewhat limited experience with these fascinating plants, I would say, rather, that the difficulty in growing them lies, not so much in the difficulty of growing them, as in the difficulty of obtaining specimens to grow. Where, for instance, can one buy roots of the Madeira orchid, *Orchis foliosa*—now called *Orchis maderensis*? In the years between the wars I used to meet prosperous clumps of it in the gardens of a certain type of true plantsman, and there were a few specialists' hardy plant catalogues in which roots were offered at a reasonable—and probably quite uneconomic—price. Recently I have waded through what I would have thought likely catalogues until I was weary of wading. Not a sausage—as the young things of to-day put it.

The Madeira orchid is a handsome plant, easy to grow in good loam, especially if it is softened up with peat or well-rotted leaf mould, in which the tuberous roots will increase slowly but steadily to form clumps, with handsome spikes of light purple flowers at a height of 18 ins. or a trifle more. The chief trouble with all these hardy terrestrial orchids, from the point of view of anyone wishing to grow them—and likewise from the nurseryman's point of view, is that they are so slow and deliberate in increasing. The tubers form offsets, but not in any great quantity. Not like daffodils, for instance, or gladioli. There is nothing, as far as I know, that can be done to hurry them. You can not strike cuttings, and they seldom set seeds in captivity, and anyway, raising them from seed would probably be a delicate, technical and lengthy business. It is said that the Lady's Slipper orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*, raised from seed, takes seventeen or eighteen years to make a flowering specimen. Hardly a business proposition for the nurseryman!

In recent years an extremely handsome hardy orchid has made its appearance in English gardens—*Orchis elata*. A native of the Atlas mountains, it has proved perfectly hardy in my Cotswold garden. I was given a few tubers of *O. elata* two or three years ago, and, planted out in light, rather stony soil (limestone), in a fully sunny position, it has stood up to two severe winters, flowered handsomely, and multiplied to more than twice its original numbers. I am advised that this species prefers a soil which is fairly rich in humus—peat or leaf mould. The soil in which mine are growing is the reverse of that, and the only pampering they have had has been a mulch of peat moss litter to keep in moisture. Yet they seem perfectly content. The largest specimen stands 26 ins. high to the top of its 9-in. purple flower spikes. I use the term purple to describe the colour in the way that it is applied to heather, or ling. Heather is not exactly my idea of purple, but, at any rate, most people know the colour of heather. Perhaps heather-purple would be the wiser formula.

Quite near my little colony of *Orchis elata* is a specimen of the rare British leopard orchis, *Orchis pardalina*. About three years ago, I came upon it, growing in a meadow a few miles from my home. It was the only one there, in fact it was the only orchis of any kind I have ever seen in that particular meadow, though in the next field, a quarter of a mile away, the marsh orchis is fairly plentiful. This solitary leopard orchis was not in flower when I found it, in fact the spike of flower-buds was only just beginning to push up among the sheathing leaves. I took it to be a particularly strong-growing specimen of the spotted orchis, with an unusually violent rash of purple spots

upon its leaves. And so, although I knew perfectly well that technically it was the wrong time of year to dig it up for transplanting to my garden, I decided to risk the operation, with special care and precautions. With a sharp trowel I took up a cylindrical divot of turf to a depth of 6 ins. and with a diameter of about 5 ins., with the orchis growing in the centre. Thus the tuberous root, which at that time of year would have been forming a fresh young tuber to replace the current

flower-spike was surprisingly long, and the flowers, a lightheather-purple with darker markings, and the leaves heavily and handsomely barred and spotted with purple. Fortunately, whilst it was in flower a distinguished botanist saw it here and at once told me its name—the leopard orchis. This year it is putting up an even more sensational performance, and so has brought balm to my conscience—I had felt rather bad about having dug up a wild British orchis—by showing that it is increasing. Two flower-stems have pushed up, the stronger of which has reached a height of 30 ins., with a flower-spike 10½ ins. long—carefully measured. Although it was originally growing in rather rich, stiff, meadow loam it seems to have enjoyed, rather than otherwise, being transported to much lighter, stony garden ground. That the plant is increasing under cultivation is most satisfactory. I feel very tempted to lift and divide it late this summer, after the new tubers have been formed. It would be so interesting to see exactly how many tubers there are. Yet I feel it will be safer and wiser to give the plant one whole year longer in which to enjoy undisturbed garden prosperity.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to the exact status of the leopard orchis. Some hold that it is a natural hybrid, whilst others think that it is a distinct species, an academic point of immense interest, doubtless, to those who take pleasure in academic botanical points. Even I, a gardener, would be interested to know, one way or the other, though the question of its future career as an amenable garden plant is of far greater interest.

If the leopard orchis will increase by multiplication and division of the tuberous roots even as steadily as the Madeira orchis, and the North African *Orchis elata*, I shall feel that my original sin of digging it from the wild will be well justified. I have, I am glad to say, a somewhat uncomfortable conscience in this matter of digging up British wild plants, though I try to keep the conscience reasonably elastic, and my occasional thefts ruled by a fair amount of experience, plus what the insurance companies would call good "expectations of life."

A factor of special interest in connection with these tuberous-rooted terrestrial orchids, is that some of them, at any rate, respond to garden conditions. When growing in the wild they remain solitary specimens with one or, at most, two flowering growths, whilst when brought into the garden—as in the case of my leopard orchis, they set to work and increase so that they may be lifted and divided from time to time, almost as though they were daffodils. I can only think that this is due to the easier conditions of garden life, without the fierce competition of the surrounding herbage such as my leopard orchis had to contend with in its meadow.

With regard to the hardy *Cypripediums* such as our native Lady's Slipper and the lovely American Moccasin Flower, *Cypripedium reginae*, what a fine thing it would be if some scientific cultivator would make a study of raising them from seed, so that they might be grown more freely than is possible now. The greenhouse *Cypripediums* and many other orchids are raised by the thousand, and I doubt whether the seedlings take as long as our hardy native species is said to take, to reach flowering size. Probably it is only in the wild state that it takes eighteen years. Under scientifically-controlled conditions it might well be possible to produce flowering plants of the hardy species in quantity, and in a length—or shortness—of time which would make it an economic business proposition.



"TWO FLOWER-STEMS HAVE PUSHED UP, THE STRONGER OF WHICH HAS REACHED A HEIGHT OF 30 INS., WITH A FLOWER-SPIKE 10½ INS. LONG—CAREFULLY MEASURED." THE LEOPARD ORCHIS, *O. PARDALINA*, TO WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REFERS ON THIS PAGE, AS IT IS NOW, GROWING AND PROSPERING IN HIS GARDEN.

Photograph by Peter Prichard.

flowering one, was able to carry on in its ample cylinder of soil, uninterrupted. Not only was the operation successful, but the patient actually lived. Last summer the plant threw up a flower spike which astonished me. It was a good 18 ins. high. The

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### COAL-MINING WITHOUT MINERS: THE FIRST PLANT FOR UNDERGROUND GASIFICATION

On June 4 this year Mr. Aubrey Jones, the Minister of Fuel and Power, announced in the House of Commons that the development of underground gasification of coal had reached the stage where it was desirable to construct a "pilot scale plant." The National Coal Board and the Central Electricity Authority are now going ahead with the necessary planning and construction. Larger underground gasification plants would be constructed if the pilot plant proves successful and a good economic proposition. It would, however, be some years before larger plants could be built and brought into

operation. The great advantages of this form of mining are that it requires only the very minimum of scarce mining man-power, and that it causes a minimum amount of disturbance to the surface ground above the coal seams. It is reported that the Coal Board are associating with private enterprise concerns in the development of the new technique so that, if successful, it can in the future profitably be developed in overseas markets. A new drilling technique, that of "directed drilling," which is illustrated above and which enables holes some hundreds of feet long to be drilled in horizontal

*Drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, with the co-operation*

### A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNDERGROUND GASIFICATION PROCESS.



### HOW THE GAS PRODUCED WILL FIRE THE BOILERS OF A POWER STATION.



### OF COAL IN BRITAIN, AND THE POSSIBLE BENEFITS OF THIS NEW METHOD OF MINING.

seams, has greatly assisted the growth of underground gasification. There are two systems of underground gasification being considered at present. In the first, two vertical shafts are sunk to the seam. Two parallel galleries are then driven, several hundred feet apart, and holes are then drilled at 30-ft. intervals through the coal from one gallery to the other. The coal is then ignited and air passed into one shaft which, after contact with the underground conflagration, emerges from the other shaft as gas suitable as power-station fuel. The other system makes use of "blind boreholes" (see

illustration). A borehole is drilled to a blind end, and a steel tube of smaller diameter inserted. Through this, air is fed to the fire at the end of the borehole and the resulting gas passes back and out of the open end of the borehole. It can then be piped to the power station. This system has several advantages. The boreholes could be drilled either radially from the bottom of a shaft or on either side of a horizontal gallery. Experiments in underground gasification have been carried out for many years past, and it is believed there may be some full-scale production going on in Russia.

*of the Ministry of Fuel and Power and of the National Coal Board.*



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ART OF CRETE.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THIS is an enormous book,\* each page nearly 15 ins. by 11 ins., containing over 800 superb photographs—superb by the most exacting modern standards. Apart from a brief appendix by M. Nicolas Platon, Director of the museum at Candia, on the vexed question of Minoan chronology, the text is by Christian Zervos, already well known for similar books on Sardinia, Greece and Mesopotamia. It is a monumental performance and I would not call it easy reading. My own feelings are of mingled admiration and astonishment: admiration for the author's industry, enthusiasm and eloquence, astonishment that so many words can be written on the theme "What defines Minoan civilisation is an imagination alive as a flame." He also performs what is to me the truly surprising feat—and I don't think I have been careless in turning over the pages—of never once referring to the Minotaur myth and its possible explanation in relation to the legendary tribute of youths and maidens from Athens.

Indeed, I am a trifle diffident in venturing to say anything at all about this book, for at one point M. Zervos is at pains to emphasise that he is only addressing himself to men who have a sense of quality, from which it presumably follows that if any reader should happen to disagree with the opinions expressed so fervently on every page he becomes, *ipso facto*, a rather low-class type, self-condemned as a bone-head. I don't suppose this is really the intention, but the flexibility of the French language when allied to missionary zeal can lead one easily enough to indulge in subtle insults of this kind, nor, now I come to think of it, are we in these islands wholly free from similar faults—if faults they are. Anyway, I for one, and possibly a few others, will not be able to agree that every one of the beautifully photographed objects illustrated in this volume is as masterly as the author appears to believe: to us a piece of stone or a terracotta, which looks very like a queer-shaped potato, looks like a queer-shaped potato and not the inspired work of an anonymous Michelangelo.

None the less, once we have somewhat laboriously disentangled M. Zervos' thought from his multitudinous words, we find ourselves enormously in his debt for an exposition, on the loftier plane, of artistic development during about 2000 years of prehistory, together with a detailed account of the various archaeological "digs" which have taken place down to our own day. Naturally, due praise is given to Sir Arthur Evans—"The perspicacity of Evans, his wisdom, his experience make of him the great discoverer of Minoan civilisation. . . . Thanks to him Cretan archaeology has been speedily enlarged and has known periods of extraordinary discoveries"—among them, many of us will be surprised to learn, certain excavations

undertaken by the Germans during their brief occupation of the island during World War II.

The first fifty-five full-page plates are of the ruins of palaces, villas, towns and sacred caves which provide us, in addition, with a clear notion of the countryside around them. Then follow statuettes, cult objects, ceramics, jewellery, etc.—many of them enlarged for our better understanding. The impressions of the seals are particularly detailed and interesting. If there is a list of the plates I have failed to find it, an omission which makes reference difficult. A short chapter—that is, comparatively short for so complicated a subject—sums up the progress made in deciphering the innumerable texts which so far baffle Europe's most erudite specialists: can we hope for some chance discovery like that of the Rosetta Stone to solve the problem?

But the author's purpose is not to give us a history of Crete in these remote ages before the fall of Troy—he undertakes a far more difficult

from the exterior significance of things to the state where, by reconstituting the transcendent ego [I hope this is a fair translation of "*en remontant le moi transcendant*"] he can reach the

basis of art and thus make it return to its original truth." I doubt whether many readers will be sufficiently interested in the pursuit of the transcendent ego to follow the argument much further—which is merely that the Minoans were genuinely original and imaginative artists and well worth the close attention of artists to-day.

That M. Zervos' opinion is justified, however complicated his mode of thought, is abundantly clear from the illustrations he provides for us with so generous a hand; very many of these objects can take their place proudly beside anything from any country and from any age. How difficult it is amid such riches to make a choice! There is the magnificent bull, for example, of Plate 488, an animal fit for any Royal Show and yet sufficiently stylised to satisfy the most exacting formal standards; or the goddess of the last three plates, oddly reminiscent of early Romanesque sculpture in Western Europe, the features indicated in the most summary manner, yet imbued with a mysterious dignity. I have occasionally heard criticisms of the way in which good modern photographers, by clever lighting, distort the intentions of long dead sculptors: they show us the things, the argument runs, not as their creator intended them to be seen, but from strange angles and under artificial conditions. The complete answer seems to me evident in the detailed photograph of the goddess' head which happens to be the last of the 807 plates; the lighting brings out all the quality of this terracotta and leaves us in no doubt that we are in the presence of a most formidable talent.

The book is enlivened by eight admirable colour plates, including, inevitably, the famous Serpent Goddess from Knossos and also some of the frescoes, all well known, but none the less welcome. There is the bluebird amid wild

roses, lilies and other flowers, the much damaged but deeply impressive "Rhyton Carrier," the lively young woman known as "La Parisienne," and, to some minds the most beautiful of them all, the young man with the marvellous head-dress and flowing locks striding to the left of the picture, probably a priest-king. In short, this is a book at once magnificent and illuminating.



THE HEAD OF A CRETAN TERRACOTTA FIGURE OF A GODDESS (SUB-MINOAN): ONE OF THE MANY EFFECTIVE DETAILS REPRODUCED IN "L'ART DE LA CRETE."  
(Total height of figure; 33½ ins.)



"AN ANIMAL FIT FOR ANY ROYAL SHOW AND YET SUFFICIENTLY STYLISED TO SATISFY THE MOST EXACTING FORMAL STANDARDS": A TERRACOTTA RHYTON IN THE FORM OF A BULL. (Length; 10½ ins.)

This magnificent piece of Cretan terracotta was found on the islet of Psaira. It is shown as one of over 800 superb illustrations in "L'Art de la Crète," by Christian Zervos (Editions "Cahiers D'Art"), which is reviewed by Frank Davis on this page. M. Zervos is the author of similar books on Sardinia, Greece and Mesopotamia.

Illustrations reproduced from "L'Art de la Crète," by courtesy of the publishers.

task—"The rediscovery and revaluation of their æsthetic world. To know these productions," he continues, "from this point of view, is to enter into contact with the essential of art and also to make clear its infinite possibilities." As he proceeds he becomes more obscure: "these lessons," he says, "can provide suitable guides to enable the creative artist of to-day to proceed

\* "L'Art de la Crète." By Christian Zervos. With an appendix by M. Nicolas Platon. 815 Illustrations; 8 of them in Colour. Published by Editions "Cahiers D'Art," Paris. (Distributed in this country by A. Zwemmer, Ltd., at £10 ros.)



## A GREAT SCOTTISH PORTRAIT PAINTER: THE RAEURN BICENTENARY EXHIBITION.



"ROBERT AND SIR RONALD FERGUSON (THE ARCHERS)," BY SIR HENRY RAEURN, R.A. (1756-1823): AT THE BICENTENARY EXHIBITION NOW AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND. (Canvas; 39 by 48½ ins.) (The Trustees of the late Viscount Novar.)



"SIR JOHN AND LADY CLERK OF PENICUIK," WHICH WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1790, WHEN, AFTER A LONG VISIT TO ITALY, RAEURN WAS BEGINNING TO BUILD UP HIS GREAT REPUTATION AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER. HE RECEIVED SIXTY GUINEAS FOR THIS WORK. (Canvas; 57 by 80½ ins.) (Sir Alfred Beit, Bart.)



A SELF-PORTRAIT PROBABLY PAINTED BY RAEURN NOT LONG BEFORE 1815. THIS IMPORTANT EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER 16. (Canvas; 34½ by 26½ ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland.)



"LADY CARNEGIE": AN OUTSTANDING PORTRAIT PAINTED IN ABOUT 1797-98. (Canvas; 96 by 60 ins.) (The Earl of Southesk.)



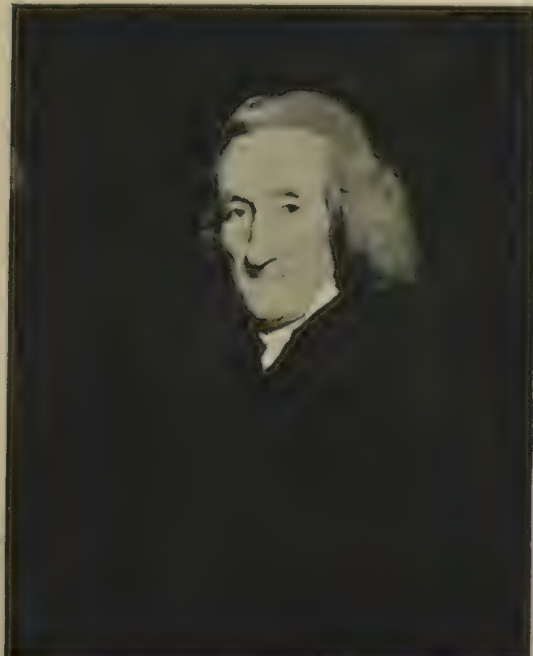
"MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL OF PARK": A STRIKING WORK OF RAEURN'S MIDDLE YEARS. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Glasgow Museums and Art Galleries.)



"MRS. JAMES CAMPBELL": THE SITTER IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN A COUSIN OF JAMES WATT. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Colonel P. M. Thomas.)



"LADY RAEURN": RAEURN MARRIED MRS. JAMES LESLIE, A WEALTHY WIDOW, IN 1780. (Canvas; 58 by 44 ins.) (Countess Mountbatten of Burma.)



"WILLIAM GALLOWAY": PAINTED IN 1798. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (The Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh.)

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, on March 4, 1756. To mark the bicentenary of the birth of this outstanding Scottish artist, the National Gallery of Scotland, at Edinburgh, in co-operation with the Scottish Committee of the Arts Council, have arranged a most impressive exhibition of his work, which is to be seen at the gallery until September 16. Some fifty portraits, ranging in date from "George Chalmers of Pittencreeff," Raeburn's earliest known portrait

Painted in 1776, to the unfinished "Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, 8th Bart.," which was painted in 1823, the year of the artist's death, give an excellent survey of Raeburn's development. He began his working life as an apprentice to a jeweller. Little is known about his training as a painter. Four years after his marriage he paid a lengthy visit to Italy, from 1784-87. It was after his return to Edinburgh that his striking career as a portrait painter began, and during the 1790's his popularity developed rapidly.



## A SELECTION OF RECENT ACQUISITIONS; AND AN EXHIBITION IN EDINBURGH.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY: "PRETTY BAA-LAMBS," BY THE PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTER FORD MADOX BROWN. The Birmingham City Art Gallery has added to its outstanding collection of Pre-Raphaelite paintings by the purchase of "Pretty Baa-Lambs," by Ford Madox Brown. Among the many hardships involved in painting this picture from life was that one of the sheep ate up all the flowers in Brown's garden!



AT AN EXHIBITION IN EDINBURGH: "THE FAMILY OF JOHN FRANCIS, 7TH EARL OF MAR," BY DAVID ALLAN (1744-1796). (Canvas; 60 by 84 ins.) (The Earl of Mar and Kellie.) The Scottish National Portrait Gallery, at Edinburgh, has devoted its fifth Summer Exhibition (which continues until September 16) to "Scottish Groups and Conversation-Pieces." The thirty-four paintings give an interesting insight into Scottish life and manners through four centuries. In the background of this family group may be seen the old Alloa House.



THE LARGEST RECORDED SALAMANDER FRENCH PAPER-WEIGHT: PART OF AN IMPORTANT GIFT TO THE CORNING MUSEUM OF GLASS, NEW YORK.

An important feature of the Corning Glass Center, New York, is the museum, which has recently been enriched by the gift of eighty-six intricate paperweights, made in France between 1846 and 1851 and including this unusual salamander paperweight.



LENT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY SIR CHESTER BEATTY: "CUPID AND PSYCHE," BY THE FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCULPTOR CLODION.



MADE FOR THE APARTMENTS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE: ONE OF A PAIR OF ARMCHAIRS GIVEN TO THE V. AND A. BY SIR CHESTER BEATTY.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has received as a gift from Sir Chester Beatty a small group of fine French furniture, outstanding among which is the pair of painted and gilded armchairs, made for Marie Antoinette.



ACQUIRED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSEUM OF GHENT: "PORTRAIT DE FAMILLE," BY THE FLEMISH ARTIST CORNELIS DE VOS (c. 1585-1651). (Canvas; 56½ by 80½ ins.) The Museum of Ghent has recently been much enriched by the acquisition, through the Friends of the Museum, of a magnificent family portrait by Cornelis de Vos, whose work was not previously represented in this Belgian museum. This important painting has often changed hands in the last fifty years and was at one time in the collection of Lord Curzon.



A MASTERPIECE BY AN UNKNOWN ENGLISH CABINET-MAKER: AN 18TH-CENTURY BUREAU DRESSING-TABLE ACQUIRED BY THE V. AND A. With the aid of a grant from the National Art-Collections Fund and a contribution from Messrs. H. Blairman and Sons, the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired this outstanding mahogany bureau dressing-table. Very little is known of the history of this fine piece.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



A FLYING "ICE WAGON": THE FUSELAGE OF A LINCOLN BOMBER FITTED WITH SPECIAL EQUIPMENT FOR RESEARCH INTO THE PROBLEM OF DE-ICING. At the Napier Flight Development Establishment, near London, research has been going on to perfect equipment which can deal with the problem of icing in aeroplanes. The Lincoln bomber, seen above, has been fitted with special equipment to enable tests to be undertaken and observed during flight.



THE LAST MAN OUT! THE AUSTRALIAN K. MACKAY IS BOWLED FOR 2 TO GIVE ENGLAND VICTORY, IN THE THIRD TEST MATCH AT LEEDS. Due largely to the fine spin bowling of Laker and Lock, England won a convincing victory in the third Test Match against Australia, at Headingley on July 17. Winning by an innings and 42 runs the English team has now drawn level in the present Test series.



FOURTH IN THE "MISS UNIVERSE" CONTEST IN CALIFORNIA: THE ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE, MISS IRIS WALLER, OF DURHAM.



TURKISH FASHIONS IN GERMANY: THESE TURKISH DRESSES, DECORATED WITH TRADITIONAL JEWELLERY AND EMBROIDERY, WERE SHOWN AT AN EXHIBITION IN A HOTEL IN MUNICH.



"MISS UNIVERSE": MISS CAROL MORRIS, WHO WON A BEAUTY CONTEST IN CALIFORNIA. On July 20 Miss Carol Morris, of Iowa, was named "Miss Universe" in the international beauty contest at Long Beach, California. Already the holder of the "Miss United States" title, she defeated rivals from Germany, Sweden, Italy and this country.



UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT BRIXHAM, DEVON: SHIPWRIGHTS WORKING ON THE MAYFLOWER II, WHICH WILL SAIL TO AMERICA NEXT YEAR. The Mayflower II, an exact reconstruction of the ship which carried the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic in 1620, is being built at Brixham as a good-will gift to the people of America. She is expected to set sail from Plymouth on April 2, 1957.



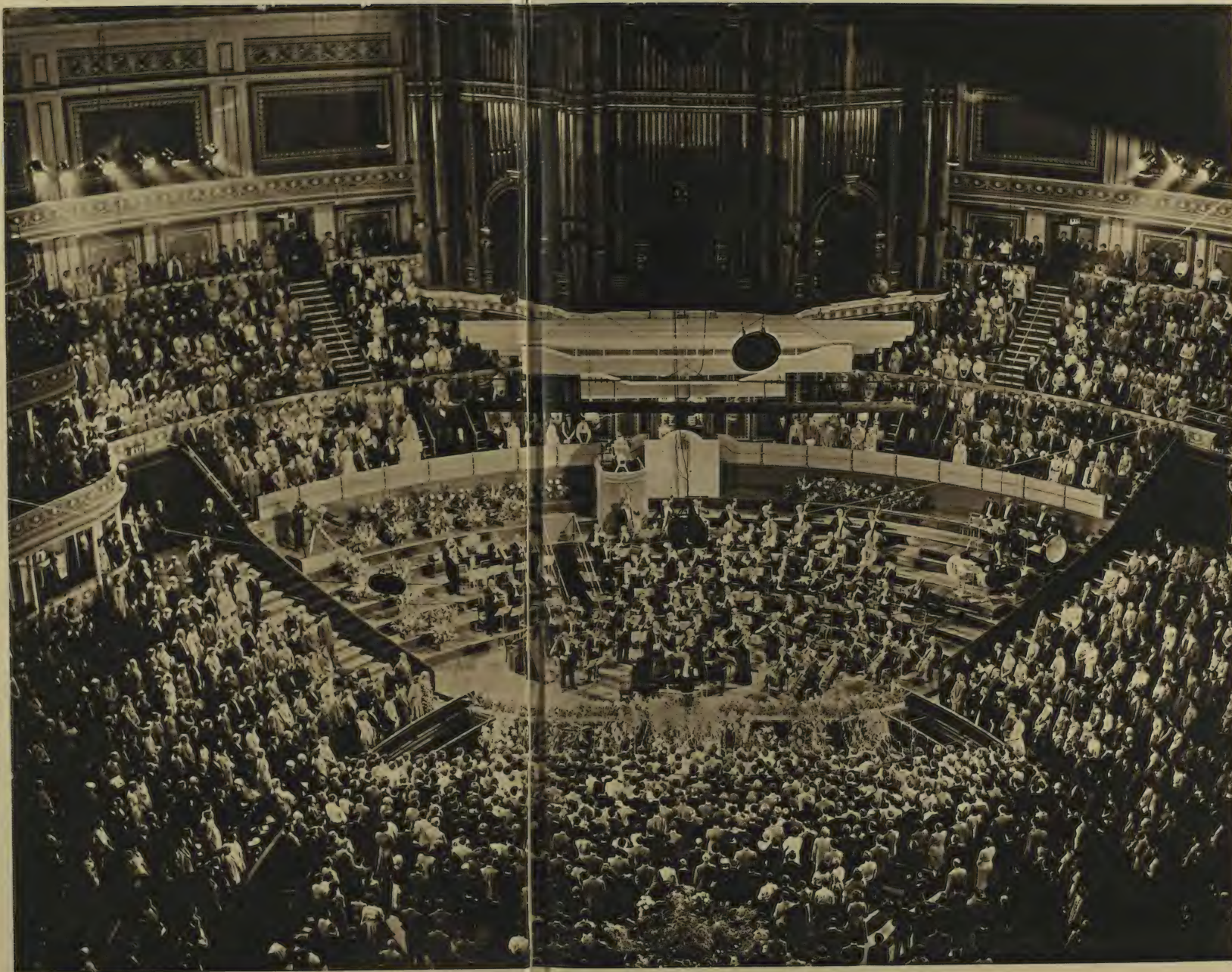
UNEARTHED IN THE CITY OF LONDON: PART OF A FIRST-CENTURY ROMAN FORT, WHICH HAS BEEN DISCOVERED NEAR CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH. The discovery of part of a Roman fort, believed to have been built between A.D. 75 and A.D. 100, on a bombed site near Cripplegate Church, in the City of London, provides the first archaeological evidence of Roman military occupation in this area.



A GREAT MOMENT FOR  
MUSIC LOVERS: THE  
NATIONAL ANTHEM  
BEING PLAYED AT THE  
OPENING CONCERT OF  
THE SIXTY-SECOND  
SEASON OF  
PROMENADE  
CONCERTS, AT THE  
ROYAL ALBERT HALL  
ON JULY 21.

THE Henry Wood Promenade Concerts have a very special place in London's yearly programme of music. Begun in 1895, in the old Queen's Hall, "The Proms" have delighted music lovers every year, without a single break in the series, which has now reached its sixty-second season. From the first season until his death, in 1944, Sir Henry Wood was the chief conductor of the Promenade Concerts. In 1941 the Queen's Hall was destroyed in an air-raid, and since then the concerts have been held in the Royal Albert Hall. On the evening of July 21 the usual eager audience crowded into the vast auditorium to hear Sir Malcolm Sargent conduct the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the opening concert of the 1956 series. In the second item of this concert Denis Matthews joined the orchestra to play Mozart's 23rd A major Piano Concerto. The Promenade Concerts now reach a vastly larger audience than that which crowds into the Albert Hall. This opening concert was broadcast by the B.B.C., and radio audiences will be able to hear many of the subsequent concerts. Thus "The Proms" more than ever maintain their place as an important feature in this country's musical calendar.

*Photograph specially taken by Houston Rogers.*





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

G. B. S. 100.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is only ten years, and it does not seem that, since I had the honour of contributing to a volume of essays, "G. B. S. 90," that saluted Bernard Shaw's ninetieth birthday. He was very much alive then, the dramatist of "the bright mind ever young" (in the phrase of John Masefield's poem of greeting), still the "erasing Shaw, who made the folly die." And it is not yet six years since an early November morning when watchers outside the gate of the house at Ayot St. Lawrence heard that Bernard Shaw was dead—at the age of ninety-four. Now, in his centenary week—he was born 100 years ago, on July 26—he is alive in our hearts. What more can we do than to repeat the tributes given to him ten years ago and at his death?

We can do something, I think, those of us who have revered Shaw since we entered a theatre.

Shaw was himself a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, and an armoury against despair and dullness.

He is still very much a force in the modern theatre. One of our best critics, T. C. Worsley, says with regret that "only a very limited number of Shaw's plays are now revived, and those at long intervals." Mr. Worsley and myself must have been taking different roads, for I keep on hearing and seeing the Shaw plays in admirable variety: this, too, when his posthumous reputation is inevitably in shadow—the fate of all writers, though Shaw's reputation will soon be in the sun again. There is really no need to defend him, to be combative. Let Shavians, at the centenary, affirm their faith and let the "knockers" knock. "I can wait," says Shaw's Lilith. "Waiting and patience mean nothing to the eternal."

In Paris the other day "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (by the Birmingham Repertory Company) had one of the best receptions of the entire International Festival. I gather that, earlier during the season, there had been occasional booing, that people had walked out from this play or the other. But though it was nearly half-past twelve before "Cæsar" ended in the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt, playgoers, instead of rushing (as so often) for their last Métro, stood to applaud the company. They were also applauding Shaw. The Paris critics have confirmed this. On the final night, as I stood outside the theatre watching the flight and sparkle of the Quatorze Juillet fireworks above the rose-flushed Seine, I thought for a moment of a dramatist who, during half a century, had set the Thames on fire. But there was more in Bernard Shaw than ephemeral pyrotechnics. Take a speech or so at random (and I choose these because they come from the Festival play):

CLEOPATRA: Listen to me, Cæsar. If one man in all Alexandria can be found to say that I did wrong, I swear to have myself crucified on the door of the palace by my own slaves.

CÆSAR: If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it.

I can return to "Cæsar and Cleopatra" when it comes next week to the Old Vic: the second of two plays with which the theatre is celebrating Shaw. The first, "Major Barbara," Shaw's "conflict between real life and the romantic imagination," is acted by the Bristol Old Vic company. It is not an easy play to do. A grandly theatrical central act, in a Salvation Army shelter at West Ham, is environed by scenes of thorny Shavian debate. John Moody's production had shape, clarity, and a light touch, but we did want more from the cast as a whole. There was an excellent Undershaft by Joseph O'Connor; the actor had no trouble with the Shavian thesis that "the greatest of our evils, and the worst of our

crimes, is poverty." Alan Dobie could deal most efficiently with that rough customer in the West Ham shelter, and Derek Godfrey had just the manner for the deceptively mild Professor of Greek who quotes "my translations" of Euripides. So far, good; but there were inadequacies, and I did not feel that either the Lady Britomart or the Rummy Mitchens represented Bristol playing at its best.

Moir Shearer was Major Barbara herself. This actress is making a most brave and determined effort to conquer the theatre as she has conquered ballet. Certainly she would have charmed all her father's cannon into silence. But she did lack Barbara's drive. This remained a sketch that might grow later to a portrait.

It is a long way back in time and mood from the Undershaft world to Marlowe's "Edward the Second" at Ludlow Castle, acted before those noble grey and tawny walls and spoken and acted strongly by a mainly amateur cast, with the professional experience of John Westbrook to lead it. The play, uncut, was a singularly moving experience. Eric Salmon's production—forcing nothing, letting Marlowe speak unimpeded—



SHAW'S "CONFLICT BETWEEN REAL LIFE AND THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION": IN THE FINAL ACT OF "MAJOR BARBARA," AT THE OLD VIC THEATRE, ANDREW UNDERSHAFT (JOSEPH O'CONNOR) GREETING HIS ARISTOCRATIC WIFE, LADY BRITOMART (MARIE BURKE).

It has not been blind reverence. Nobody—and he knew it—could exasperate more actively, even madden, than G. B. S. when he set out deliberately to provoke. But it was the provocation of a genius. Say all that can be said against him, and we are still left with a body of work unexampled in our time. He treated the theatre as "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." What we have now to do is to refuse to take Shaw for granted, or simply as the librettist of "My Fair Lady." Young men that Shaw, when alive, would have knocked over like skittles, are too ready to under-value him when he is dead, to write pompously of a dramatist in whose presence pomposity flaked away. (One caperer, I believe, observed that first signs of senility could be seen in "Saint Joan," though he went so far as to call it a "bleak masterpiece," something Shaw, in Elysium, would have received with an ironical bow.) These exhibitions apart, there are more respected writers ready now to toss away Shaw while seeking eagerly after some new thing. It would be reasonable to talk a little less of the trivia of, say, Mr. Samuel Beckett and a little more of the author of "Saint Joan," "Heartbreak House," "Man and Superman," "Candida," the first and fifth plays of "Back to Methuselah," and a long list that all theatre-minded people should recite.



A BRISTOL OLD VIC PRODUCTION TO MARK THE SHAW CENTENARY: IN A SCENE FROM THE "GRANDLY THEATRICAL CENTRAL ACT" OF "MAJOR BARBARA," BARBARA (MOIRA SHEARER) CALMLY DOMINATES THE DEFIANCE OF THE YOUNG TOUGH, BILL WALKER (ALAN DOBIE).

and John Westbrook's way with such lines as

But what are kings, when regiment is gone,  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day . . .

stay with me from a night that ended with the picture, in the summer darkness, of Edward's body borne slowly, in a tossing flare of cressets, before the massive walls of Ludlow.

Marlowe was one of Shaw's blind spots. I said that sometimes he could madden. He does when he calls Marlowe "the true Elizabethan blank-verse beast, itching to frighten other people with the superstitious terrors and cruelties in which he does not himself believe." And what are we to say of this—"He often reminds me, in his abysmally inferior way, of Rossini"? Never mind. I felt, at Ludlow as night grew about the castle, that even G. B. S. might have been converted.

## OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAJOR BARBARA" (Old Vic).—The first of two plays to mark the Shavian centenary. This, produced by John Moody, brings the Bristol Old Vic company to London; the second, on July 30, will be Birmingham's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," under Douglas Seale, fresh from its visit to Paris. There were good things in this "Major Barbara," especially the famous Shelter act; but Barbara herself could have been stronger, and we felt that, for all Mr. Moody's supple production, the cast was not wholly in the vein. (July 16.)

"EDWARD THE SECOND" (Ludlow Festival).—Marlowe's chronicle, produced with imaginative vigour by Eric Salmon before Ludlow Castle walls. John Westbrook—used by now to Ludlow, where he has acted Comus and Becket in previous years—lost nothing in Marlowe's verse. (July 17.)





(Above.) SEATING MORE THAN 300: THE COMMODIOUS SELF-SERVICE CAFETERIA ON "C" DECK DESIGNED FOR QUICK AND EFFICIENT SERVICE AT MEAL TIMES. THE WALLS ARE PANELLED AND THE FLOOR IS COVERED IN COLOURED PLASTIC MATERIAL.



(Above.) FOR THE USE OF THE WIVES OF THE SERGEANTS, OTHER N.C.O.s, AND OTHER RANKS: THE THIRD-CLASS LOUNGE, WHICH IS ALSO FOR THE USE OF MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S SERVICES. EVERY COMFORT IS PROVIDED IN EACH OF THE THREE CLASSES.



BRITAIN'S LATEST TROOPSHIP: S.S. NEVASA (20,500 TONS), WHICH HAS ACCOMMODATION FOR 1500 TROOPS AND FAMILIES. THIS TOTAL CAN BE RAISED BY 80 PER CENT. IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.



"MEN ONLY": THE TROOPS' RECREATION ROOM, WHICH HAS A BAR AT THE AFTER-END AND CONTAINS WRITING-TABLES AND A DARTS ALLEY.



ON "C" DECK: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RECREATION ROOM WHICH IS RESERVED FOR "MEN ONLY" AND IS WELL PROVIDED WITH AMENITIES.



CHEERFUL AND WELL-EQUIPPED: THE SECOND-CLASS NURSERY. THE SECOND CLASS IS FOR THE USE OF WARRANT OFFICERS AND THEIR FAMILIES.



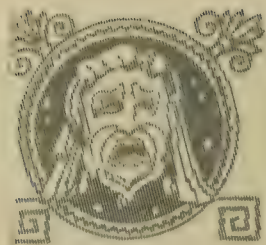
A THIRD-CLASS STATEROOM. IN THIS CLASS THERE ARE FOUR- AND SIX-BERTH CABINS AND THE PASSENGERS HAVE THEIR OWN FAMILIES' ROOM.

TROOPING IN COMFORT: BRITAIN'S LARGEST TROOPSHIP—S.S. NEVASA—WHICH ENTERS SERVICE THIS MONTH.

Britain's largest and fastest troopship—S.S. Nevasa (20,500 tons) enters service this month with a voyage to Cyprus. The ship, which is operated by the British India Line, is the largest ship ever built for trooping and fulfils the latest requirements of the Government for the carrying of Service personnel and their families. She was built by Barclay, Curle, at a cost of between £4,500,000 and £5,000,000. The troop decks have been

made as comfortable as possible and include eight dormitories, with three-tier standee-type beds, a fully equipped, air-conditioned hospital, a self-service cafeteria, recreation rooms and administrative offices. The cabin accommodation is in three classes, each class having attractive lounges, nurseries, cabins and other rooms. The ship is fitted with an ultra-modern laundry and there are a barber's shop and an electrically-operated lift.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### HIGH VALOUR.

By ALAN DENT.

BYRON, in his "Don Juan," is said to have been the first author to come away with the truism that truth can be "stranger than fiction." But who first defined an obvious piece of fiction as distinct from truth as "a tall story"? I look in vain in my three well-thumbed quotation-books, under both "tall" and "story," fully expecting to find it first used by Kipling (that great poet who is no favourite of mine, though a prime favourite with the setters of the very best crossword puzzles). Then I do what is often wise when quotation-books fail: I consult the "Oxford English Dictionary" (the "Shorter" which serves for the likes of you and me). And there under "tall" is the source, if not the author, of what I want:—"Tall stories are the perquisite of every traveller" (1897), and the information that the adjective in this sense of "exaggerated, highly coloured" is a U.S. colloquialism dating from 1846.

Nothing could be taller than the plot of the thrilling and moving new film called "Reach for the Sky." It is the story of a young, tough Englishman, apparently born to excel as a flyer. Within weeks of his arrival at Cranwell he is a cadet-pilot whose report reads:—"Remarkable progress—inclined to be headstrong." Before long he is demonstrating his flying skill at one of the Hendon displays. At Reading at the end of 1931 he is being congratulated by civilian pilots on his performance at Hendon, but declines to give a show there and then, because two pilots have recently lost their lives through low-flying in the Bulldog variety of aeroplane. One of the civilians is overheard to say sarcastically:—"These boys only perform when there's a crowd. . . ." Our hero—though he himself would never use such a word unless qualified with a brash adjective—rushes into the air in a Bulldog. He gives a display beyond all manner of doubt, but crashes in the middle of it. His doctors do not expect him to recover. He loses first one leg by amputation, then the other. His friends expect the athlete-flyer to react with horror and despair. They find, instead, stoicism and the determination to go on living and even, on the remote horizon, to take up flying again.



A TENSE SCENE FROM "REACH FOR THE SKY," THE FILM BASED ON THE LIFE STORY OF GROUP CAPTAIN DOUGLAS BADER: BADER (KENNETH MORE), JUST FOILED IN ONE OF HIS ESCAPE ATTEMPTS, STANDS DEFIANTLY AMONG HIS GERMAN CAPTORS. (THE OFFICER BEHIND BADER IS PLAYED BY ANTON DIFFRING.) (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 5; ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

During his convalescence the challenge grows, for he has always been a man to thrive on challenges. He hobbles about on a peg-leg with crutches, but he is already easily able to drive a car. He frequently drives to a country tea-shop where a pretty waitress has caught his eye and his interest. He determines to dance with her soon, and to marry her eventually. At Roehampton he is fitted with two "tin legs" and we see the first agonies of his learning to walk with them, and his adamant refusal to be helped with a walking-stick. We are spared the full anguish of the process, and are given in a matter of minutes what must have taken a matter of many weeks. His tenacity is grim, gritty, ferocious. He has walked again. He has danced. He has played golf. He will fly

again. It is against all known regulations, but he does it. He proves it can be done, but is not allowed to continue. He is grounded and given an office job which proves immensely uncongenial.

But then comes war, that great waiver of regulations. He is back in the air, winning promotion and the respect of all who fly with him. He takes over a sullen squad of Canadians who have had a rough time in France. He turns them into an enthusiastic fighting unit. He makes himself almost the core of the Battle of Britain. He is given one, three, and eventually five squadrons to command. Over France he collides with an enemy fighter and is forced to bale out. One of the tin legs is caught in the mechanism, and he leaves it behind. He is a prisoner of war in Germany, but an inveterate escaper. His courage perplexes and almost frightens his captors. They keep him, but only just keep him, for four whole years. After liberation he is determined to have a last fling in an air battle, but the war ends before he can bring it off.

On September 15, 1945, 300 aircraft fly in triumph over London. At their head flies our hero in a Spitfire of the Battle of Britain. He is the legless man who thrives on challenges and let nothing beat him. He is Wing-Commander Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C. The tall story, in short, is a plain statement of facts as they happened. The strange and inspiring truth of it puts fiction to shame. There is one statement made at the beginning of the film about his courage having been an example in war and continuing as an inspiration after the war has ended. But there is something in the very simplicity of his heroism which puts even eloquence to shame. It may remind us of Milton with his "courage never to submit or yield." But the plain sheer valour of it all puts even Milton to silence.

There have been other films in the same fortnight. There has been "Wedding Breakfast" which gives us a crisis in the affairs of a poor family living in the Bronx district of New York, with Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine both capital as a pair of parents who cannot afford to give their daughter the kind of wedding-party they think she ought to have. There has been "The Baby and the Battleship," a British comedy in which John Mills and Richard Attenborough and Bryan Forbes are most amusing as three well-contrasted sailors coping with a Neapolitan baby-boy who has somehow been smuggled into a man-of-war doing exercises in the Bay of Naples. The American film is consistently good if drab, and the British one is intermittently jolly, though it drags whenever the three actors mentioned, and the wholly adorable baby, are not immediately on view.

There are, similarly, other performances in "Reach for the Sky" besides that of Kenneth More, who plays the great airman himself. Muriel Pavlow is both sweet and sterling as the loyal little woman who had the honour to become Mrs. Bader. Both Dorothy Alison and Anne Leon admirably suggest all the disinterested qualities

that go to the making of good nurses. Walter Hudd, Charles Carson, Ronald Adam are superbly cast as the implacable and slow-to-beam "high-ups" who have the task of finding out what to

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KENNETH MORE AS WING-COMMANDER (NOW GROUP CAPTAIN) DOUGLAS BADER IN THE J. ARTHUR RANK PRODUCTION "REACH FOR THE SKY."

In making Kenneth More his choice of the fortnight Mr. Dent writes: "The Germans, whose prisoner-of-war he was for four years, are said to have marvelled at Bader's unquenchable spirit, and to have regarded the impudent humour of the legless air-ace as something beyond comprehension or explanation. Kenneth More portrays this living character with a verisimilitude beyond praise and beyond anyone's comment, excepting that of Bader himself. Grit, tenacity, and that English humour which minimises the most formidable difficulties are only three of the many aspects of this triumphant performance. It makes 'Reach for the Sky' the most invigorating film that has come out of the last war."



"WEDDING BREAKFAST": A FILM "WHICH GIVES US A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF A POOR FAMILY LIVING IN THE BRONX DISTRICT OF NEW YORK." MRS. TOM HURLEY (BETTE DAVIS) LISTENS TO A SUGGESTION FROM HER BROTHER, UNCLE JACK CONLON (BARRY FITZGERALD). THIS M.G.M. FILM, WHICH ALSO STARS DEBBIE REYNOLDS AND ERNEST BORGNINE, IS PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST. (LONDON PREMIERE, JULY 12; EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

men who fought the Battle of Britain—of those who found their finest hour in it, and of those who gave their lives in it. The only person with the right to criticise this magnificent performance in any detail is Wing-Commander Bader himself. It would, of course, be fascinating to know what he thinks or says. But there seems to me something peculiarly appropriate and fitting in the fact that he was spending a golfing holiday with his wife in Scotland when the first showing of the film took place, and declined the invitation to interrupt his holiday for this event. It was, after all, a mere invitation, not a challenge.



# FROM HERE AND THERE: SOME TRANSPORT OLD AND NEW, AND HITLER'S BUNKER.



THE SCENE AFTER A CAR HAD CRASHED THROUGH THE THIRD-FLOOR WALL OF A PARKING GARAGE IN CHICAGO. On July 20 a car crashed through the wall, and fell on to another car parked below, from the third floor of a parking garage in Chicago. One pedestrian was killed, though neither of the drivers was hurt.



FOR TRAINING PURPOSES ONLY: THE U.S.S. *HORNO* AT CAMP PENDELTON, CALIFORNIA, WHICH IS A "MOCK-UP" CARRIER ON WHICH U.S. MARINES HAVE BEEN TRAINING BEFORE THE COMMISSIONING OF THE U.S.S. *THETIS BAY*, THE FIRST HELICOPTER ASSAULT CARRIER.



OLD AND NEW LONDON BUSES: THE HORSE-DRAWN "KNIFEBOARD" BUS WITH THE "ROUTEMASTER" IN THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS. The London Bus Week, which marked the centenary of the foundation of the London General Omnibus Company in 1856, opened with a parade of buses in Regent's Park on July 16. Among the oldest buses on parade was the "Knifeboard" of 1856.



WHERE HITLER SPENT HIS LAST FEW HOURS: THE REINFORCED CONCRETE BUNKER IN EAST BERLIN WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY RUSSIAN SOLDIERS. The bunker in East Berlin in which Hitler spent the last few days of his life was the main feature in the Austrian film "Ten Days to Die," recently shown at the Cameo-Polytechnic, Upper Regent Street, London. Our photograph shows the ruins of the actual bunker.



TAKING OFF IN A "FLYING" BOAT: IGOR BENSEN PREPARES TO TAKE OFF IN HIS ALUMINIUM HELICOPTER-BOAT ON A LAKE IN FLORIDA. IT IS RELEASED FROM TOW AFTER A SPEED OF 25 M.P.H. HAS BEEN REACHED.



FLYING HOME IN A BOAT: IGOR BENSEN, WHO CLAIMS THAT HIS HELICOPTER-BOAT CAN BE USED FOR DAILY TRAVEL.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt technique, or, as it used to be called, "execution," is a fine thing. And unlike taste, which is so notoriously haphazard, it commands the awe due to a marmoreal and solid fact. Yet for some tastes, its effect can be rather too marmoreal, and, as it were, self-absorbed. "The Sleepless Moon," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph; 15s.), struck me in this way. But it is very impressive; even for this very accomplished writer, its impressiveness is outstanding.

Melford Turner, a genteel country grocer, is to outward appearance a dry, pleasant, nearly middle-aged man, sentimental about his horse, and fondly addicted to a certain amount of hunting. Underneath, he is an arrested, rather slow-witted child, with a neurotic fear of women. On the other hand, he would like a son. The Turners are long-established in Orlingford, and his father was mayor seventeen times. And Constance is a shy girl. At twenty-four, owing to her great shyness, she seems wonderfully cool and dignified—and so he manages to propose to her. And she accepts him, not for love, but to relieve his embarrassment. Anyhow, she seems to have drawn a pleasant lot. The old square, with its market cross and chestnut trees: the big house at the corner, with its mellow orchard in the shadow of the church spire—what could be more agreeable? But the young wife lies alone, counting the chimes, or playing the gramophone Melford has naively thought up as his proxy—since she is "keen on music." They never discuss the situation, and both are miserable about it, though not to the same degree. Melford can distract himself like a child; but in Constance the apparently still waters run deep. She hungers for sexual love, and is soon devouring it with the young brother-in-law of the man at the record-shop. Then Melford gets himself comfortably seduced in his pet hunting village, by the new landlady's daughter. Then the affairs come out, to end in symmetrical, though still unequal, tragedies.

The tale has an exquisite background of scene and weather, and a human one of variously depressed and curdled lives. Melford achieves pathos. But the finale is too contrived—and, what is much worse, frigid. At least to me; I could feel nothing for Constance beyond a faint dislike, though she is being put over so assiduously, and with such impeccable execution.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Changing Prospect," by Audrey Mayall (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), betrays no want of technique, and shows up the grocer's tragedy as deficient in charm. Or perhaps "nature," or perhaps simply fresh air. Edith has just got herself engaged to Arnold Rawlins: not for love, but as an escape from her own world. "Father" is a failed writer, and (though Edith has yet to hear of this) an ex-convict and undischarged bankrupt. Mother ran away from home to go on the stage, and is still struggling. Amanda has drifted into not-even-marriage with a shattered, churlish young poet, and won't come out. And Edith is stuck in a drab boarding-house and a dull job. . . . While Arnold's home is Long Hall, a lovely old place in the Yorkshire dales, like the one Mother so foolishly ran away from. The Rawlingsons may be upset by his choice, but they will soon get over it. And he is so safe and worthy. . . . She has a sense of foreboding and almost guilt. Not, however, about her visit to Yorkshire; that will be wonderful. Yet the whole brief, ill-starred visit works as a conversion-process; afterwards she has turned right round. . . . The clash with "Cold Comfort Hall" is full of mirth, and the tale has not only charm and atmosphere—it has a deeper, a kind of musical quality.

"My Cousin Geoffrey," by John Metcalfe (Macdonald; 15s.), is a long, ravelled, intimate-sounding, even intimately-constructed book. Martin, the hero, was born in a now-defunct tube station during the First War. His mother killed herself. Later, his father crops up (off-stage) as an acquitted murderer. Martin lives with an eccentric bachelor uncle, and from childhood has been fearfully magnetised by his cousin Geoffrey. This Geoffrey is really a super-efficient Nothing, compensating for inner bleakness with a vast power-fantasy—a conviction of "gifts" inherited from a black-art-loving grandfather. And when Martin crosses his suit (Query: to the murderer's daughter?)—but one can't suggest the vein. It is magniloquent in a highly personal way, and curiously addicted to inverted commas. And it sucks one in very cosily.

"The Strongbox," by Howard Swiggett (Hodder and Stoughton; 13s. 6d.), has been called "an adult thriller without a gun or a chase." So presumably it is a thriller. But it reiterates every feature of "The Power and the Prize": Breeding-cum-big-business, the ideal American in London, international contrasts on the highest level. . . . Here, along with some Iron Curtain vagaries of a great man, just dead: which his protégé first unearths, and then devotedly sets himself to hush up—in the face of two hostile colleagues, and with the help of two women, one of them a Lady. There is a love-affair, and a benign solution all round. Ample, aspiring middle-brow: but not very exciting.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE latest great international encounter was between two countries whose political relations have certainly been amusing of late: the Soviet Union, and Yugoslavia. That the Yugoslavs should have lost "only" by twenty-six games to thirty-eight does credit to them, equally if you compare the relative total populations and if you remember the tremendous ascendancy the Russians have now established in world chess.

Moreover, the conditions of the match favoured the stronger side. Each member of each team of eight played each member of the other side. This system enables a strong player to score against the other team all down the line. A country with the resources of the U.S.S.R. is much more likely to have a strong number eight—whereas a weak number eight might seriously damage his team's score by losing all his games.

The Yugoslavs trained earnestly for the match, not the least important feature of their training being the development, through communal analysis, of new variations in the opening of which this week's game is a characteristic example:

## SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
KARAKLAIC	AYERBAKH	KARAKLAIC	AYERBAKH
Yugoslavia	U.S.S.R.	Yugoslavia	U.S.S.R.
1. P-K4	P-QB4	5. QKt-B3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	6. B-K3	Kt-KKt5
3. P-Q4	P-P	7. B-QKt5	Kt-B
4. Kt-P	Kt-KB3	8. P-Kt	

White's sixth move is one which the Yugoslavs have intensively examined. It tempts Black to smash up White's pawn formation and those doubled and isolated king's pawns certainly look bad; moreover, after the next exchange of pieces, Black is left in possession of two bishops against two knights—considered a big advantage in itself.

All this, in Yugoslav opinion, is unimportant in contrast with White's lead in development which can even be increased, as White's remaining pieces can be brought out more quickly than Black's.

8. . . . B-Q2 10. B-Kt P-B  
9. Castles P-K3 11. P-K5! P-Q4  
Or 11. . . . P-P; 12. Q-B3 (threatening mate), Q-K2? 13. Kt-BP.

12. Q-B3 Q-K2 14. P-Kt5 P-QB4  
13. P-QKt4! P-Kt3 15. P-K4!! B-Kt2

White was prepared to sacrifice both knights: 15. . . . P-Kt; 16. P-P! P-Kt; 17. P-Q6 (threatening 18. Q-Rch) and if 17. . . . Q-Q1 then 18. Q-P mate.

16. P-P Castles (K) 20. K-R1 QR-Q1  
17. Kt-B6 B-Kt 21. Kt-Q5 P-Kt4  
18. QP-B B-P 22. Kt-B7 P-B5  
19. QR-K1 B-Q5ch 23. R-P! R-QB1

If Black plays 23. . . . P-R White captures twice on KB8 then forks king and queen with knight. The rest of the game demonstrates what might have happened if Black had not suffered the handicap of a prepared opening.

24. R-K4 R-Kt 26. R-Q6 R-K1  
25. R-B Q-QKtP 27. Q-B4

Threatening 28. R-Pch, RP-R; 29. Q-R.

27. . . . R(B2)-K2 29. Q-B6 P-KR3  
28. P-KR3 P-B6 30. R-B3

30. R-Q3 would have been stronger. This allows Black to set up a pin which troubles White for the rest of the game. White is slipping.

30. . . . Q-Kt8ch 36. R(Q4)-QB4 K-Kt2  
31. K-R2 Q-Kt1! 37. K-Kt3 P-B4  
32. R-P Q-B2 38. K-B3 K-B3  
33. Q-B4 R-K3! 39. P-Kt4 P-Pch  
34. R-B4 R(K1)-K2! 40. P-P K-Kt4  
35. Q-Q R-Q 41. K-Kt3 R-Q3

White sealed 42. R-B5ch; the game was adjourned but agreed drawn without further play. If White tries to accomplish anything with his rooks other than defending his QBP, it is lost.

IN "Prime Minister of Mirth" (Odhams; 18s.) Mr. A. E. Wilson brings to life once more that greatest of comedians, Sir George Robey, whose latter-day successors seem pale shadows indeed. It is difficult to convey to the younger generation the quality of that wonderful man. Just as to-day we can have no impression of, shall we say, the charm of Charles James Fox which made him so beloved, so no one who did not see George Robey in action can have any idea of the complete ascendancy which he used to establish over his audiences. How can one explain what it was about the merest lift of those famous eyebrows which could convulse an audience? The mock anger with which he would greet a misplaced guffaw ("let there be merriment by all means. Let there be merriment, but let it be tempered with the dignity and the reserve which is compatible with the obvious refinement of our environment"); the minatory "desist!"; the pained reproach of "Really, I meanersay"—the effect of none of these can be adequately conveyed by the printed word. He was in every way a remarkable man. Unlike the majority of his contemporaries on the music halls, he came of good middle-class stock (his real name was Wade) and was trained as an engineer. His German was so good that artists from Germany or Austria could not believe that one or other of his parents had not been German. He was an excellent Association footballer, founded the first Rugby football club in Germany, was no mean chemist, had much Latin and a lot of Greek, was an expert collector of china and pictures, nearly became an artist instead of a comedian, and as a swordsman nearly killed his man in a duel in which he became involved as a young man in Germany. He also had the kindest of hearts and, in addition to the huge sums he raised for service and other charities, his private generosity was as far-reaching as it was good-hearted. Mr. A. E. Wilson is well known for his writings on the theatre, and his book admirably recalls the great George Robey, that wonderful and lovable artist.

"Father Sets the Pace" is a biography of his father by Gontran de Poncins, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.). M. de Poncins' father was a fantastic character. He was a country squire and the lord of a Louis XIII château standing in a great enclosed park. He was also a perfectionist. His suits, which were, of course, English, included some twenty shades of grey to go not merely with the weather, but with the colour of the weather. His note-paper was of "the thick kind, on which the pen grates (father liked to hear himself write)." He was clearly a trial to his family. Here is "Father" in a nutshell. He made "us understand that he was a creature apart, not that he was 'better' than we, but rather of another species. It was not a matter of degree but of essence. Father belonged to that race of special beings who could live only amidst what was best. . . . Father was one of those fragile creatures—and he did all he could to convince us of his fragility—who need just the right temperature and a very particular atmosphere in order to live." He needed perfection in everything. He could not mount a horse unless it had a Beck saddle, and there was only one English soap for polishing his saddles. "What he really needed was something on the scale of Versailles, with furniture signed by Jacob or Riesner, palatial halls decorated by Carle Vernet, lordly drawing-rooms full of Ruysdaels and Gainsboroughs, and libraries of books bound by Padeloup. What he needed was the acme of quality." A delightfully witty book and in its concluding pages a moving and a pathetic one.

Miss Meriel Buchanan is well known for her charming evocations on Czarist Russia, where her father was Ambassador in World War I. In "Victorian Gallery" (Cassell; 18s.), her latest book, she brings to life again the glittering society of Victorian England, the Tuileries in the closing days of the Second Empire, and Hapsburg Vienna and Imperial Russia on the eve of the catastrophe. Into her net she has swept Princess Pauline Metternich, the friend and confidante and (in the opinion of many) the evil genius of the Empress Eugenie, Abdul Hamid the Damned, the Grand Duke Demetri (who, with Prince Yousouppoff killed Rasputin), Sir Henry Wilson (her special pleading for the Field Marshal is gallant, but can do little to offset the damage to his reputation done by his own diaries), and a number of other figures of a period so comparatively recent and yet which now seems so utterly remote.

Supporters of the Old Vic will be grateful to Miss Audrey Williamson for her book "Paul Rogers" (Rockliff; 15s.), for Mr. Rogers is a unique phenomenon in that his astonishing development has been made entirely, as she points out, within the framework of the Old Vic. Character actors of such versatility are rare in this day and age. The wide range of this comparatively young actor is admirably portrayed both in the text and by the accompanying illustrations of this interesting little book.

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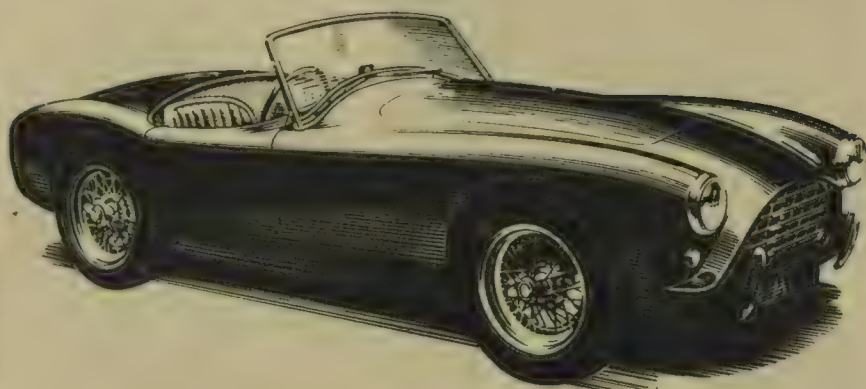
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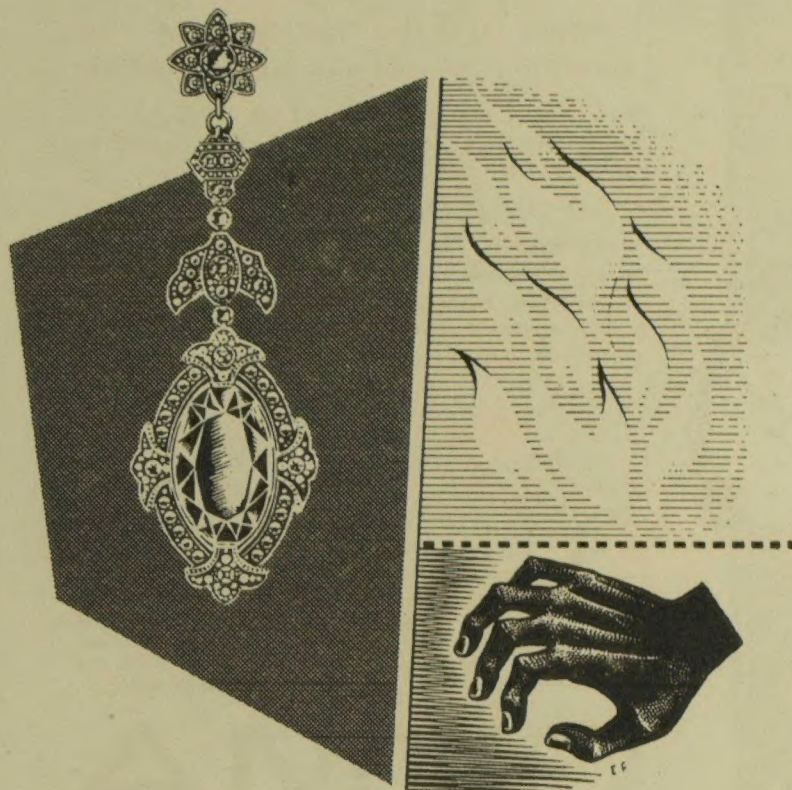


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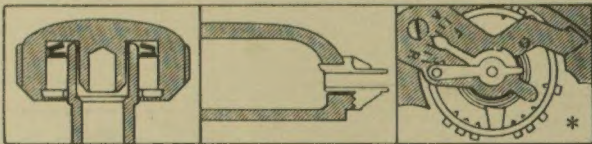
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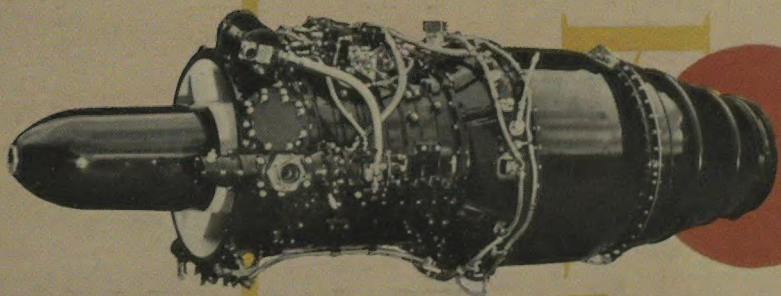


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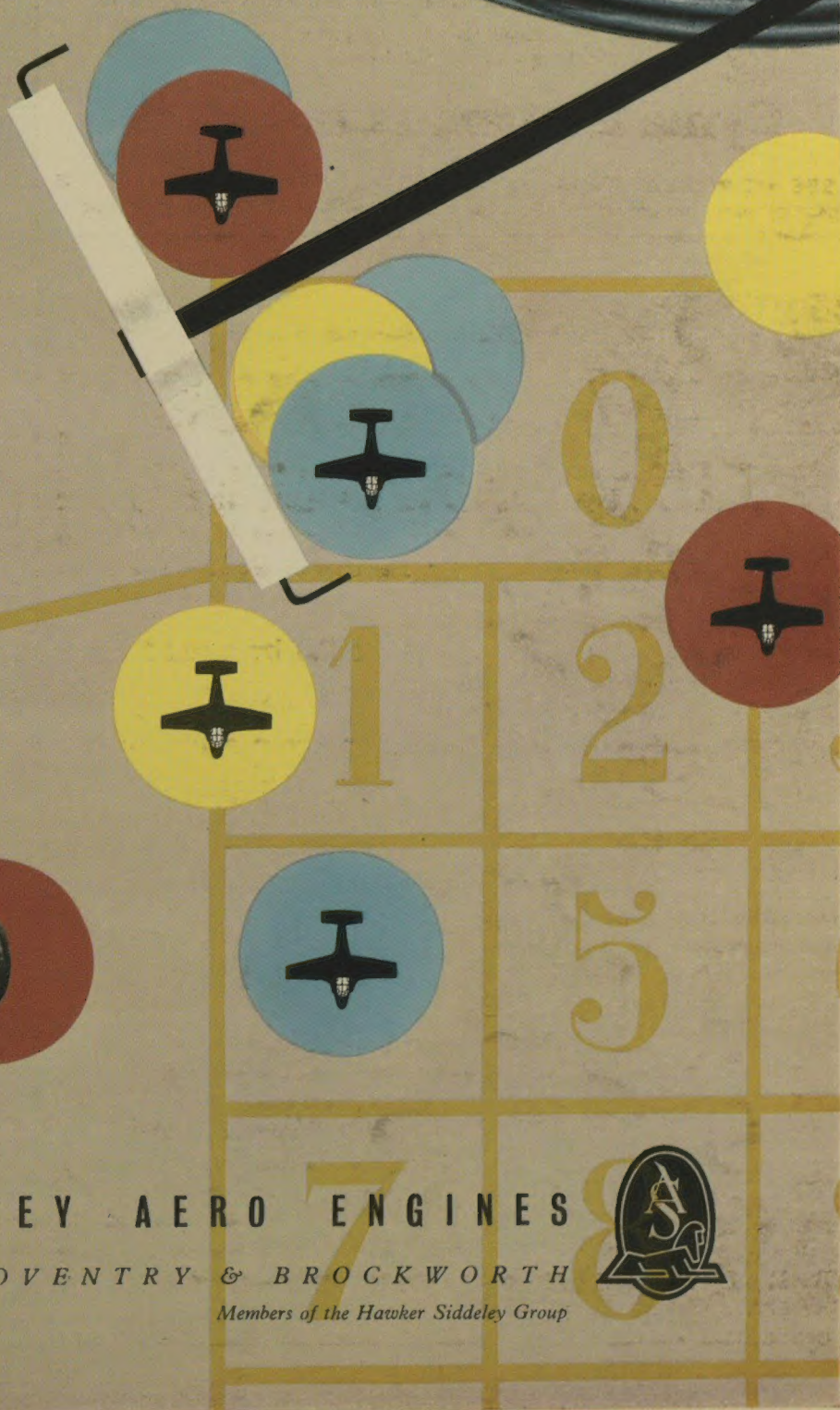
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